

THE
SATURDAY REVIEW
OF
POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 1,416, Vol. 54.

December 16, 1882.

[Registered for
Transmission abroad.]

Price 6d.

MINISTERIAL CHANGES.

THE Ministerial changes, complete or impending, excite only moderate curiosity while they are confined to a partial redistribution of offices. Mr. GLADSTONE has resigned the Chancellorship of the Exchequer, in pursuance of an intimation recently given; and the vacant office has been conferred on Mr. CHILDERS. According to a rumour which may perhaps only be founded on intrinsic probability, the Exchequer had already been declined by Mr. GOSCHEN. No other recruit who could be enlisted in the House of Commons would add so much to the administrative ability and political reputation of the Cabinet; but Mr. GOSCHEN has never formally announced his withdrawal of the objections which he entertained to the wanton and dangerous experiment of introducing household suffrage into the counties. He cannot be prepared to approve the wider changes which Mr. CHAMBERLAIN describes as an entire redistribution of political power. Since his refusal to take office in the present Government, Mr. GOSCHEN has used several opportunities of proclaiming his loyal adhesion on questions of general policy to the party with which he has always acted; but he has also not failed on suitable occasions to assert his perfect independence. He consequently commands the confidence of independent politicians, whether they are technically classed as Conservatives or as Liberals; but he may probably think that his power of rendering service to the country would be diminished by an immediate return to his former connexion. As the representative of a small and non-political constituency, Mr. GOSCHEN furnishes an illustration of the advantages of the moribund English Constitution. It is to be regretted that he should have dissolved his connexion with the City of London, which never found a more suitable representative; but, while such boroughs as Ripon are allowed to exist, independent statesmen are not necessarily excluded from participation in public affairs because they may differ on certain points with their constituents.

There is no constitutional objection to the tenure by the same Minister of the two great Treasury offices. PITT was throughout his official career First Lord of the Treasury and Chancellor of the Exchequer; and CANNING in 1827 and PEEL in 1834 followed his example. In his longer administration PEEL entrusted the Exchequer to a confidential and competent subordinate; but, although Mr. GOULBURN discharged the routine duties of the office, the First Lord personally introduced into the House of Commons the Budgets which founded or confirmed his financial reputation. Among other Prime Ministers of recent times, some were peers, and others had no special knowledge of finance. When Mr. GLADSTONE in 1873, and again in 1880, determined to combine both offices, it was supposed that he had sufficient reasons for the arrangement. He lately announced that he did not regard the plan as permanently expedient; and it was natural that, if he intended to remain at the head of the Government, he should wish to relieve himself of the moderately onerous details of a second office. In default of Mr. GOSCHEN, it was known that the PRIME MINISTER'S choice would fall on Mr. CHILDERS, who possesses the requisite knowledge of finance, while his administrative capacity is generally recognized. The post is less laborious than any other State office of the first rank. The ordinary duties devolve to a great extent on the Financial Secretary of the Treasury and on

the permanent heads of the department. Once a year the Chancellor of the Exchequer has to produce a Budget, and of late years he has often been encumbered by supplementary Estimates; but there is nothing to trouble him from day to day, as the Home Secretary is worried with incessant demands on his judgment. Since Mr. CHILDERS is not prevented by his health from retaining office, his appointment as Chancellor of the Exchequer will be regarded with satisfaction. He is supposed to incline to the moderate section of the Cabinet, though, with the rest of his colleagues, he has uniformly acquiesced in the measures of his imperious chief.

The promotion of Sir CHARLES DILKE will probably neither increase nor diminish his facilities for giving effect to opinions which are almost revolutionary. It was understood that, when the Ministry was formed, Sir CHARLES DILKE voluntarily made way for Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, whose mischievous influence has since fully justified the selection by his section of the party of a representative of extreme Radicalism. Sir CHARLES DILKE will owe his admission into the Cabinet to his own Parliamentary ability, and not to skill in manipulating electoral machinery; but there is reason to fear that on all political questions which may arise he will act with Mr. CHAMBERLAIN. The inevitable schism in the party within and without the Cabinet has hitherto been concealed by the deference of all classes of Liberal politicians to the PRIME MINISTER. Whether the generals of ALEXANDER will agree when the authority of ALEXANDER is withdrawn is a problem which must be solved by experiment. The mere shuffling of offices will have no considerable effect; but the entrance into the Cabinet of one powerful proselyte may perhaps have important consequences. Two or three vacancies in the Cabinet had, among other reasons for delay, been probably kept open that room might be made or left for Lord DERBY, who has now formally become a member of the party. If it may be thought strange that a former Conservative leader of high rank and great fortune should join a Radical Government, it must, on the other hand, be confessed that Lord DERBY was always more than half a Liberal. No other considerable politician has so uniformly rejected all appeals to sentiment, to prejudice, and to imagination. When he dissolved his ancient alliance with Lord BEACONSFIELD for reasons unconnected with political opinion, Lord DERBY remained an unattached statesman, with no associations which could hinder his adhesion to a new party connexion. An active and ambitious politician may be excusably impatient of the compulsory exclusion from public life which is the inevitable result of isolation. An economist, a utilitarian, a devotee of peace, Lord DERBY, by an intelligible illusion, identifies the party of Mr. GLADSTONE with the Whigs from whom he was accidentally separated in his youth. Profoundly disapproving the principles of the Irish Land Act and the attendant measures, he has voted with the Government in a choice of evils. It may be doubted whether, if he joins the Ministry, he will hope or wish to exercise a restraining influence on the party of movement. He so far agrees with Liberal doctrines that his worst enemies will not denounce him as an apostate. It is to be regretted that as Secretary for India Lord DERBY will share the functions both of the Foreign Minister and of the Secretary for War. His abundant knowledge and cool judgment will qualify him to govern India in time of peace; but if war should become

expedient or necessary, no reliance can be placed on Lord DERBY's vigour or resolution. Nevertheless, the Government will on the whole be strengthened by his accession to office.

Speculations on official promotions and changes form a legitimate occupation for a dead season; but they excite no vehement curiosity or absorbing interest. The possible retirement of Mr. GLADSTONE would, if it occurred, be an event of an entirely different order. The object of extravagant adulation, of much genuine loyalty, of strong disapproval, and, it may be feared, of not infrequent animosity, Mr. GLADSTONE is, by common consent, the most considerable of living English politicians. His own great powers, his unprecedented opportunities, and the accident which has left him without a rival, have placed the fortunes of the country to a great extent at his disposal. For some years past he has always swum with the stream of popular passion, with the result, if not with the conscious purpose, of promoting his own personal aggrandizement. It is not remembered that in all the changes which he has undergone his own political interests have at any time been injuriously affected. For the present, it is more to the purpose to understand his position than to form a moral estimate of his career. If Mr. GLADSTONE abandons public life, the course which may be followed by his present colleagues can be but vaguely conjectured. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, indeed, will probably try to take the place of his chief as leader of the revolutionary section; but, if he succeeds, he will be the mere representative of numbers and physical force. Three or four years ago Lord HARTINGTON was accepted as leader of the moderate Liberal party, and it is possible that on the occurrence of a vacancy he might resume his position; but he has his reputation to make over again, and he may have difficulty in reconquering the confidence which was once voluntarily granted. He has not exhibited any extraordinary ability in the government of India. In resuming an office which he held twenty years ago he will be relieved from the necessity of learning the rudiments of his business. Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, who would perhaps be next to Lord HARTINGTON in political rank, is free from revolutionary propensities; but, when the democratic faction is reinforced by county members elected by farm-labourers, the remaining Whigs may perhaps find themselves powerless. Under Mr. GLADSTONE the Liberal party has approached the verge of the precipice. His successors may perhaps make the final leap.

IRELAND.

THE second trial of PATRICK HIGGINS has given satisfactory proof that the demoralization supposed to have been produced among the Dublin jurors is neither universal nor even widespread, and that the disagreement on the first occasion can only have been due to individual eccentricity or breach of faith. No doubt the evidence, as always happens in such cases, was partly consistent with the notion of an attempt made by the real culprits to shift the blame off their own shoulders. But the weight of it was distinctly against any such supposition, and the contradictions and reconstructions of the girl HIGGINS showed only too plainly in what quarter and for whose sake perjury was most likely to have been committed. The plan of separating the accused in these trials has some inconveniences, the chief of which is that all the accused are virtually, though not professedly, tried on the first occasion; but probably it cannot be helped. Of the atrocity of the crime, a tolerably full and accurate history of which is now at last presented, it is scarcely necessary to speak. But it is worth while to point out the evidence which both it and the Maamtrasna affair have given as to the real causes of the difficulty of detecting criminals in Ireland. Witnesses, willing and unwilling, criminals and victims, are mixed up by association, and often by blood, so intimately that the virtues and vices of family relationship both contribute to make it difficult to get at the truth. This is rather a new feature; for in times past it has generally been held, and often proved to be the fact, that the agents of agrarian violence were strangers brought from a distance, and that the country people, though in every sense accomplices, were rarely the actual doers of the deeds. This, at any rate in some cases, seems to have been changed under the

auspices of the Land League, which has changed so much else in Ireland.

The force of the arguments against commuting the punishment of any of the Maamtrasna murderers has been recognized even by persons pledged to leniency in regard to Irish crime, and there is no need to repeat them. If Lord SPENCER has disregarded them, it must, in justice to one of the most trustworthy of Mr. GLADSTONE's colleagues, be supposed to have been done with an object as yet invisible to unofficial critics. But should the first-fruits of the commutation win, as is asserted, an affidavit from the respite murderers concerning the innocence of one of those not respited, the Irish Government will scarcely be in a position to make the only use of these wretches which could justify mercy. It can hardly disregard their evidence on this point and make use of it on any other. Yet it could still more hardly allow their statement to outweigh that of the witnesses on whose testimony alone they and their companions were alike convicted. The official action, however, in this respect can only be criticized at a certain disadvantage; and it must be rather trusted than hoped that it will do no harm in the country, especially when the further delay in bringing Messrs. DAVITT and HEALY to book is present to confirm the suspicion of a relapse into irresolute courses. That the spirit generally abroad is in no way improved, the evidence given on the inquiries made in reference to the demands for compensation put forward by the relatives of the soldier WALLACE, of Mr. BOURKE, and of the herd DOLOUGHTY amply proves. The Irish-American papers, which circulate so largely in Ireland, and which either reflect or form the sentiments of so great a portion of the lower class of Irishmen, are as savage as ever. One of the most respectable of them heads its account of the attempted murder of Mr. FIELD, "Stabbing a Drunken Juror," and in a leading article describes the victim as "a prominent member of a band of miscreants who have identified themselves for months with the worst atrocities of land-lordism." It is a pity that the amiable English Liberals who are persuaded that there is nothing like allowing Irishmen to have their way do not read these publications—whether they are printed in America or in Ireland—a little more. A course of them would probably do more than anything else to open their eyes to the fact that Land Acts and Arrears Acts, still more extensions of the Irish franchise and concessions of local government, are simply means of supplying weapons and the sinews of war to an irreconcilable enemy. Mr. FORSTER, in his address at Glasgow, made, as was to be expected, some statements with which those who disapprove of the whole course of Government policy in Ireland cannot agree. But he showed himself, as he has always shown himself, more awake to the disaffection which underlies rather than causes Irish discontent than most of his late colleagues.

Lord DERBY, as a Minister of the near future, is for the moment a more important person than Mr. FORSTER as a Minister of the already distant past. No part of Lord DERBY's speech at Manchester on Wednesday can have been looked to with more interest, or read with a more curious mixture of feelings, than the part which referred to Ireland. When the announcement was made that Lord DERBY was about to join the Government, not merely as an ally, but as a colleague, his attitude as to Irish affairs naturally seemed to be the point most likely to create a difficulty. Lord DERBY is not exactly a man *tenax propositi* as against the popular will—indeed he has, with a candour more unusual than becoming, represented himself as habitually waiting for orders from that will. But not the extremest Radical pretends that the Government measures as to Ireland have been dictated by the popular will of England, or have been anything more than apathetically, if not rather grudgingly, assented to by that will as the act of Mr. GLADSTONE and therefore probably good. Lord DERBY, moreover, though he has never opposed the Government actively on these measures, has criticized them so severely and so recently that his criticism could hardly (without a contempt of the decencies and a loss of self-respect which even a man who has changed sides could not be supposed willing lightly to incur) be exchanged for indiscriminate approval. Accordingly Lord DERBY's expressions on Ireland have given but little satisfaction to those who speak for his new friends, and, if past experience had not shown how easily he can get on with those with whom he is at variance on points of principle, would make it appear impossible

that he should work with those whom he is about to join. He agrees that Ireland is nothing like conciliated or pacified. If he accepts the Land Act, it is as something forced by circumstances on a Government which could not help itself. He minimizes the effects of the Act itself. He does not pretend to hope that it will satisfy the Irish people at once, or even soon. He remarks, much more in the tone of warning than of confidence, that he hopes the Cabinet will abstain from encouraging any fresh and large proposals of Irish land legislation. He mentions the word finality, which is hateful to Radicals. He pleads vigorously, and with what is for him an almost reckless contempt of expenditure, in favour of emigration, which to the extremest Radicals is nearly as distasteful a word as eviction or ascendancy. But the strongest and the most significant words which Lord DERBY used on the Irish question were in regard to "the claim of Irish nationality in whatever disguise and form." "We must," says he, "be careful not to abstain from giving vague pledges which will be construed to mean a great deal more than they do." Now it is scarcely necessary to say who has again and again given vague pledges which have been taken to mean a great deal more than they have subsequently been said to mean. In short, setting aside the decent apologetics which a man necessarily applies to the past conduct of those with whom he is about to enter into intimate relations, Lord DERBY's language on the Irish question is almost wholly satisfactory. On the meaning of Home Rule, and on the impropriety of giving assurances to catch the Home Rule vote, no Tory—no Englishman who is an Englishman first and a Tory or a Liberal after—could have spoken more satisfactorily than Lord DERBY. This, considering what Lord DERBY is shortly to be, would be an excellent thing if the speaker were a man as historically remarkable for influence over his colleagues and definite maintenance of his own opinions as for a power of enunciating unimpassioned and common-sense views on public platforms. It is, if not excellent, at any rate good as it is. Whatever the "vague pledges" recently given by Mr. GLADSTONE may have meant or not meant, it is somewhat curious that Mr. GLADSTONE's colleagues, not a few of whom used to be liberal of such pledges, have recently left off giving them. It may have been accident, and in that case it is to be hoped that Lord DERBY's example will revive a laudable custom. If it has not been accident, it is still to be rejoiced at that the introduction of Lord DERBY into the Cabinet will introduce at least one Englishman who can still give such pledges. His presence there, as he will do well to remember, will be considered by his countrymen as a sign that his colleagues are not intending to proceed further in either of the two directions which, as he has clearly enough pointed out, are not and cannot come to good. Nor is it unworthy of notice that Mr. FORSTER, who, ex-Minister as he is, is still a man to be reckoned with, speaks as strongly as Lord DERBY, not only in favour of emigration, but also against intrusions of the Land Act and against Home Rule.

M. GAMBETTA.

THE part which M. GAMBETTA has lately played in the Egyptian question is quite as characteristic as that which he has played for the last five years in home affairs. In both we are quite ready to believe that patriotism has held a substantial, it may even be a prominent, place. He is a Frenchman, and he loves France. But in neither has patriotism held a paramount place. M. GAMBETTA is sincerely anxious for the welfare of his country, provided that this welfare can be secured by the means which he recommends; and, though these means are different and almost contradictory at different times, they have this feature in common—that it is by M. GAMBETTA's hands that they are to be applied. He wishes his country to be well served; but he is still more bent on ensuring that she shall be served by no one but himself. It is this that has made him incapable of giving a hearty support to any Ministry. Except during the few weeks when he was in office, he has uniformly been in opposition. One Minister after another has come into power on the strength of having secured M. GAMBETTA's good will; but not one has been able to retain it and office together. If they have done nothing, they have been allowed to fall, lest his credit should be injured by their incapacity. If they have shown any aptitude for administration, they have been

overthrown in a hurry, lest they should come to be esteemed for their own merits, and not for his. M. GAMBETTA's whole career may be accounted for on this theory. It is probable that when the Republic was first on its trial M. GAMBETTA saw as clearly as M. THIERS himself what was needed to make it a stable Government. He has said more than once that, if it was to prosper, it must open its arms to all Frenchmen, must ask no questions as to their past history or present preferences, and must make them feel that, if they were prepared to deal honestly by the Republic, the Republic would in its turn deal honestly by them. At that time he had to all appearance parted company with the follies of his political youth, and was marked out as the natural leader of a moderate Republican party. We still believe that it was the party that was wanting to M. GAMBETTA, not M. GAMBETTA that was wanting to the party. But, either from distrust of his sincerity or jealousy of his powers, the moderate Republicans did not rally to him in sufficient numbers to make it worth his while to take the post. Guidance is the last blessing which French politicians seem to appreciate, and they are seldom sufficiently conscious of the need of it to accept a leader who has not always belonged to their own party. They would have been ready enough to receive M. GAMBETTA as a convert, but they had no notion of putting a convert over the heads of men who had been orthodox from their youth up. M. GAMBETTA had, consequently, to consider, not in what way he could best serve his country, but in what way he could best ensure that his country should be served by him, rather than by anybody else. Looked at in this light, the problem became a very simple one. If the Moderates would not have him, he must obtain the support of the Extreme Republicans, until such time as he might be able to build up a separate following of his own. In other words, he must make Opportunists of the Extreme Left until he had detached a sufficient number of them to give the Opportunists the chance of holding their own without help from outside. This is the explanation of his puzzling ecclesiastical policy. M. GAMBETTA knew as well as any of his critics that clericalism is not the enemy; that the Church is still a power in France, and one that is not, or at all events need not have been made, absolutely hostile to the Republic; and that the pale copy of the Kulturkampf which he proposed to introduce into France was not likely in the long run to raise up anything except useless, and even dangerous, irritation on the part of those attacked. But then he knew also that, though hostility to the Church was a bad platform on which to build up an alliance between himself and the advanced Republicans, it was less dangerous than any other that could be chosen; and as it was indispensable to him that the alliance should be made, hostility to the Church must be a prominent element in his policy. Now that the experiment has come to nothing, and the Extreme Left has hopelessly slipped away from him, he is reduced to try some other expedient. As he cannot get back to power by these means, he must see if there is no other sentiment by appealing to which he can make the constituencies, if not the deputies, anxious to see him once more in office.

He has sought to find the support he is in search of in foreign policy, and it must be admitted that the recent action of the French Government in the Egyptian question has given him very much the opportunity he wanted. It does not matter that M. GAMBETTA, had he been in office, would probably have done something less than what M. DE FREYCINET proposed, and no more than M. DUCLERC has actually done. No one can be quite sure that he would not have discovered some alternative course, and at all events he is not bound to volunteer the statement that no such alternative course existed. That M. GAMBETTA would have done very much what has been done by the actual Ministry is probable on two grounds. The policy of France in the Egyptian question was to a great extent shaped for her by events. The expedition which the English Government proposed to her would have involved her in risks which it was easier to foresee than avert; and, though M. GAMBETTA has a character for rashness, there is no reason to suppose that he is so reckless as it pleases Prince BISMARCK's organs to paint him. The fear that the peace of Europe would be endangered by his return to office is more assumed than real; and the prospect which had terrors enough to keep the present Government inactive would in all likelihood have had much the same influence on M. GAMBETTA. It is further

plain that, for the time at all events, no policy save the one that has been followed would have had a chance of finding acceptance with the Chamber of Deputies, and M. GAMBETTA would have been too carefully watched to enable him, even if he had wished it, to commit the country to active intervention in Egypt against the will of its representatives. But the considerations which would almost certainly have determined M. GAMBETTA's action had he been in office have not in the least influenced him in Opposition. The Egyptian question, so far as France is concerned in it, is probably settled; he can be as patriotic as he likes, and no harm come of it. At the worst he can but further alienate the existing Chamber, and the existing Chamber is already too much alienated for it to be of much moment whether it is made a little more hostile than it was before. It is sometimes asked what M. GAMBETTA would do if he suddenly found himself called upon to give effect in power to the vague threats against England of which it has pleased him to be so lavish when the responsibilities of office equally with its sweets seem far away. M. GAMBETTA's ingenuity would probably be equal to such a difficulty, supposing him to be confronted by it; but it is pretty safe to say that he is accustomed to dismiss the question as quite unworthy of his eminently practical statesmanship. He is not likely to be in power until the term of the existing Chamber has run out, and he does not burden his mind with speculations as to events which are still distant. But he knows perfectly well that, though the next election is a long way off, he must not neglect to make preparation for it. The ordinary subjects of home politics are for him pretty well exhausted. He is well supplied, indeed, with proposals upon every matter that is likely to come before the Legislature for many Sessions to come. But every one of these is already trumped by a more radical and incisive proposal coming from the Extreme Left; and, as both are almost equally distasteful to moderate men, it is of little use to look to home legislation for a renewal of his popularity. He must, in fact, if not in name, appeal from the Chamber to the country, and try to regain his reputation as the one man to whom France must ultimately look if she wants to regain her lost position in Europe. Constant attacks upon England for what she has done in Egypt, and implied censures of the French Government which has suffered her to do it, serve his turn excellently well. They commit him to nothing, because, long before he can be challenged to assign their precise meaning, the whole position of affairs will be changed. Patriotism is a safe virtue in Opposition, and M. GAMBETTA runs no immediate risk of being summoned to practise it in office. Whether his appeals will influence his countrymen in the way he hopes is a question which, like most of those which depend on the action of the French nation, seems to become every day harder to answer. That they will tend to lessen the good will which Frenchmen were beginning to feel towards England is less doubtful. Even without M. GAMBETTA's aid, it would unavoidably have been put in peril by the course of events; and he is not likely to be deterred from pursuing what he holds to be his own interest by any fear of making this danger greater.

LORD DERBY AT MANCHESTER.

LORD DERBY is always sensible, and at Manchester he was as sensible as usual. So far as common sense can carry a student of politics, Lord DERBY goes; where common sense fails, Lord DERBY fails. Very often the utterances of common sense are much wanted, and are all that is wanted; and Lord DERBY is often very happy in bringing into play that influence of common sense which is beneficial by being a chilling influence. It is most useful that a speaker who commands general attention should say that things which are thought to be very grand are really not very grand. Schemes for remodelling the system of county government are not infrequently spoken of by their framers as if they would introduce a great and glorious change in English social and political life. Lord DERBY took the gilt off the gingerbread when he remarked that he did not see the faintest objection to the creation of County Boards, but that the difficulty would be to find something for them to do when they had been created. Nothing, again, could be at once more sensible and more chilling than Lord DERBY's remarks on English land. A tenant, he said,

ought to be compensated for all he puts into the land, but ought not to be paid for anything he does not put into the land. This is a plain intelligible statement which few sensible men of any party would controvert, but which throws a cloud over the aspirations of those who see in the tenant-farmer a beautiful and blighted being, who is on the eve of enjoying mysterious and magnificent rights hitherto unrecognized. In the same way Lord DERBY exposed the fallacy of calling land a monopoly in a country where there are now more sellers of land than buyers. This disposes of a foolish cry in a few words; and in all matters where chilling remarks are useful in the way of diminishing affectations of grandeur, simple statements can dispose of a contention if a foolish cry can be hushed with a few words. Lord DERBY would be a very useful accession to any Cabinet he might join. It is because many of the matters with which a Cabinet has to deal are of this character, because Lord DERBY is peculiarly qualified to deal with them, and because what would seem commonplace in lesser men seems almost profound when coming from a man with the ability, public services, rank, and wealth of Lord DERBY, that it seems to be generally accepted that Mr. GLADSTONE will gain by Lord DERBY's entering his Cabinet.

But there is a point at which common sense fails, and when it fails there the peculiar value of Lord DERBY's co-operation seems also to fail. Common sense, for example, is often directing but not illuminating; when it has given us all that it has to offer we seem to be no nearer the mark than we were before we listened to it. Egypt, for example, is too big a theme for common sense, and nothing could have been less illuminating than what Lord DERBY had to say about Egypt. The first man in the street could tell those who are anxious about England's position in Egypt as much as was to be learnt from a man who only the other day was Foreign Secretary. We are not to occupy Egypt, we are only to stay there until we have completed every necessary reform, and given the KHEDEVE such authority that when we retire he can go on happily without us. This is the language of mere commonplace. It is what every one says. What would be illuminating would be to be told how we are to get what we wish for in Egypt, and more especially how what we are now doing in Egypt is in any way calculated to bring us nearer the goal we set before us. To those whom commonplaces do not illumine it seems as if England was trying to establish the KHEDEVE's authority by effacing it for ever. We illustrate our meaning of Egypt for the Egyptians by dictating and ourselves executing the sentence of an Egyptian Court, and by handing over the supreme command of the Egyptian army to an English General whose eminence secures that any Egyptian, to say nothing of any English, officer would be proud to serve under him. To say this is not to blame the Government. The best thing and the fairest thing may have been to send ARABI to Ceylon; and the best thing if the Egyptian army needed Egyptian officers may have been to place these officers under a General to obey whom would be natural and even gratifying. But it is impossible to see how Lord DERBY can have thought these things, however good in themselves, conducive to handing over Egypt to the Egyptians, establishing the KHEDEVE's authority, and terminating our occupation. It is quite true, as Lord DERBY says, that outsiders who have not a knowledge of those details and those facts which the Government alone possesses cannot pretend to say what at every turn of affairs ought to be done in Egypt. But the things which have been done were not details, and were not unknown to all but the Foreign Office. They are things at once important and notorious, and common sense stops very short when it shrinks from grappling with them because they do not readily square with its views.

Egypt and Ireland are the two great subjects of the day, and when a public speaker has done with the one he inevitably passes to the other. All that Lord DERBY said of Ireland was full of common sense, but it can scarcely be called illuminating. He said in effect very much what Mr. FORSTER said at Glasgow the next evening; but he said it in a different way. He, like Mr. FORSTER, urged that time must be given to show the possible good fruits of the Land Act; that Ireland wants no more legislation at present; that vague approaches to Home Rule by hinting that possibly, if understood, Home Rule might prove not so bad a thing, must be sedulously discountenanced; that emigration is the only chance of living left to poor cottiers who would starve on their holdings if they held them rent free. All this is sensible, but Mr. FORSTER was more than sensible; he was

instructive. In the first place, Mr. FORSTER approves of the policy of the Land Act, while Lord DERBY does not know whether he approves of it or not. Approval of the policy of the Land Act is not necessary to make us feel that we learn something from a man who sees a policy in the Land Act, expounds it and believes in it, and that we learn little from a man who looks on the Land Act as if it were a shower from the skies, decidedly uncomfortable to a person without an umbrella, but perhaps good for the farmers. In the same way Lord DERBY leaves us completely in the dark as to his views on extended local government in Ireland. He points out the danger of a minority being sacrificed to a majority, but he is silent as to why he should wish for it at all. Mr. FORSTER looks on the extension of local government in Ireland as a means whereby local rates may be used as a security for an outlay on useful public works, instead of public money being given for useless works. This advantage might easily be purchased too dearly if its price were the encouragement of a separatist agitation. But, at any rate, it is a gain to have some advantage offered as a matter for consideration. Lord DERBY speaks of giving millions to aid emigration if necessary, just as he spoke of the creation of an independent Egypt being desirable if possible. Phrases like these are the loopholes of hesitation. Mr. FORSTER examines whether the granting of millions is necessary, and shows that in aiding emigration the great danger is that of aiding it too much. At Manchester, in short, Lord DERBY showed that he has great critical power, and little constructive power. Where criticism is useful in the counsels of a Cabinet Lord DERBY will be very useful. Where construction and action are the tasks of the Cabinet, Lord DERBY will not be more useful than any man of ability and high position must be when he works with others. It is thought in some quarters that Lord DERBY will act as a drag on a too adventurous Cabinet; and in minor matters he probably will, but in greater matters he probably will not. For just as common sense prompts Lord DERBY to object to things he dislikes, so it also prompts him to accept them with ease when he thinks them inevitable. He is always ready to bow to the will of the country; and at present the easiest way for the colleagues of Mr. GLADSTONE to ascertain the will of the country is to ascertain Mr. GLADSTONE's will, and then they can bow to it with rapidity and comfort.

THE WHIRLIGIG OF TIME.

IT has been the fortune of many an eminent man to commit some stupendous blunder in the course of his public life. But it has rarely been the case that the mistaken administrator has had the felicity of living long enough, if only just sufficiently long, to find a natural and unforced opportunity of repairing that blunder in a beneficent and dignified manner, and so to pass away with the gratitude and kindly recollections of that section of society with whom, at one time, he had been pre-eminently in conflict. Yet such has been the gracious close of Archbishop TAIT's career. We are compelled to recall, while we refuse to dwell upon, the Public Worship Regulation Act. That Act has now received its fatal shock from the ARCHBISHOP's death-bed, worked, with the Bishop of LONDON's aid, through the instrumentality of Mr. MACKONCHIE. It is a shallow and erroneous estimate of the transaction to see nothing in the correspondence beyond a gently-worded hint to a troublesome clergyman to retire, followed by his cheerful acquiescence in a step which involved some loss of position on his own part. Advice to Mr. MACKONCHIE to resign in order to secure the peace of the Church, dryly tendered, might have been in a limited sense wise, and was capable of being phrased in kind language. But such advice, offered in terms which, while excluding any idea of a transaction, should be a compliment to and not a censure on a much tried and troubled man, in the difficult position of being the fagman of opinions and practices which were not popular, would have been a truly wise and affectionate act, even if it had not proceeded from the death-bed of one whose public cares were vast and world-wide. It was clearly the ARCHBISHOP's desire that neither Mr. MACKONCHIE nor his flock should be sufferers either in the worship dear to both or in the worldly advantages to which the clergyman was plainly entitled owing to the

obedience which he might render to the invitation. Mr. MACKONCHIE, generally esteemed to be very obstinate, met the ARCHBISHOP in his own spirit; and the Bishop of LONDON, who has been supposed with all his high qualities to be something of a martinet, actively concurred in a large-hearted solution of the ancient trouble. Mr. SUCKLING at Charles Lowder's Church, and Mr. MACKONCHIE at his own, may be described as absolute equivalents, and an exchange has been effected between them which leaves Mr. MACKONCHIE and Mr. SUCKLING just what they were, only with the not unimportant difference of being delivered from the intrigues and persecutions of the Church Association. This proceeding in its details, and timed as it was, is a moral condemnation from which the Public Worship Act can never recover.

We feel so much compassion for men so ridiculously discomfited as the baffled Church Association now finds itself, that it is only our sense of dramatic proportion which drives us to note that the closing tableau would not be complete if it did not comprise the humiliation of the detected mischief-maker. Nothing is wanting in the poetic justice which marks the collapse of that pestilent clique. Mr. MACKONCHIE, its daring and patient antagonist in a conflict which has lasted between unequally equipped combatants for a period longer than the siege of Troy, seemed finally driven to his very last shift. The hosts of Midian were closing round him, the judge was on his road to the court, and the persecutors were greedily counting the hours which should consummate Mr. MACKONCHIE's downfall, and leave him to Lord PENZANCE's final tender mercies. Suddenly, like the hero of a fairy tale, he slips as if in a vapour from between their fingers, whole, sound, and triumphing victoriously beyond the power of a fresh assault, except at the close of a fresh suit, as to its issue most uncertain, but involving an inevitable expenditure of time and money before which the spiteful pertinacity even of the Association might quail and the cowards be forgiven.

But there was yet another ingredient of concentrated bitterness to make the cup of humiliation trebly nauseous. The arch-magician whose spells wrought the marvel was that very Metropolitan with whose abused name the persecution company had so long been trafficking, and his abettor was that Bishop of LONDON whom also they had taught themselves to consider as their facile tool. So, thanks to one prelate who has passed away from their insinuations, and another who will despise them, they stand bankrupt in reputation, discomfited and discredited in the eyes of the world, before which they could only plead success, with their victim snatched from their jaws and their work wrenched out of their hands; while those who have done them this despite have been Archbishop TAIT and Bishop JACKSON.

But the incident has an aspect which is wider and much more important than the posthumous fame of the ARCHBISHOP, the satisfaction of Mr. MACKONCHIE, or the rout of the Church Association. In considering its future influence on the well-being of the Church of England, we must refer to the article in which the *Times* handles the correspondence. No one can accuse that paper of having damned the ceremonial revival with faint praise. It has, on the contrary, approached it vigorously and repeatedly in the spirit of adverse criticism, and drawn the successive inferences which clever men who despise their own clients and their own briefs were likely to assume as agreeable to the Philistine timidity and ignorant shortsightedness of the persons whom they represented. If the long lane was not to have any turning, now would have been the occasion for producing a masterpiece constructed on those polemical lines. But we read that where extreme Ritualism prevails "is in populous town districts, where the clergy are at least self-sacrificing and devoted, and for the most part very men-greely endowed, and where a sumptuous and elaborate service may tend to draw the people by its contrast with the squalor of their daily lives. It is difficult to deny that Ritualism may in this way do a great deal of good, and it is hard to say that it can do very much harm"; for, as the *Times* truly points out, every man can find a Church to his taste at the distance of two or three streets. So "it is neither necessary nor desirable to demand a rigid uniformity of ritual practice." Indeed "Ritualism, like everything else, is subject to the great law of evolution." "The Ritualism of to-day becomes the common practice of to-morrow." "Is the disuse of hands or the adoption

"of the surplice in itself any more serious innovation than the wearing of a chasuble?" "The surplice, forty years ago, was held to be almost as dangerously symbolical as the eastward position is to-day." Toleration makes a symbol harmless, and "the Church of England has already assimilated much that was once Ritualism, and if strife can only be avoided, it will probably assimilate a great deal more, and render it innocuous in the process."

Here, however, we are driven to leave off in pure alarm, for the superstitious feeling has come over us that we have met our *Doppel-gänger*. We have never shrunk from the obloquy of taking up the defence, not of that modern and indeterminate system which has a pleasure in calling itself Ritualism, but of genuine Church of England worship as represented by the Prayer-book, while we have pleaded for the allowance of wide variety within the Church of England itself. Throughout this ancient discussion the *Times* has been, as it had a perfect right to be, we cannot quite say our consistent, but our persistent, opponent. Now the crisis has arrived, and we find the *Times* speaking our words, posing in our attitudes, and declaring what we had always declared in sentences which, had we found them at hazard, we might have taken for quotations of old articles of our own. There is one only possible meaning which can be attached to this phenomenon—namely, that the cause of Anglican ceremonial has won the day in its righteous contest, not for supremacy, but for impartiality and generous toleration. Meanwhile, the movement has had no more powerful helper in securing its victory than the Church Association, through the revulsion of feeling aroused by the sordid malignity of a persecution which seeks for its victims clergymen of unsparing devotion and the most cheerful self-denial, and tramples on the tastes and beliefs of congregations with which it has nothing to do, so that it may enforce the wooden prescriptions of a sour superstition.

LOUIS BLANC AND THE JACOBINS.

THE change which has passed over French politics in the course of a generation was curiously illustrated by the threat of the anarchists to disturb the funeral of LOUIS BLANC. No writer or agitator laboured more consistently to destroy all rational principles of government. His youthful doctrine, that production should be measured by the powers of men, and consumption by their wants, was never withdrawn or materially qualified. The proposition expressed a vague sentiment of benevolence and a characteristic disregard of possibility and common sense. LOUIS BLANC'S Socialism resembled a system of machinery permanently disconnected with the steam-engine by which alone it could have been set in motion. If it were true that all men ought to contribute to the common good in proportion to their powers, the theory excluded every motive which has hitherto affected human conduct for discharging their supposed duty. It was certain that but a small part of the community would be permanently roused to action by the supplementary precept that all men ought to receive according to their wants. It is true that, as LOUIS BLANC frequently argued, a well-conducted family is organized on a principle which in another application may be described as Socialism. The parents promote the good of the household according to their abilities, while the children receive what they require in proportion to their needs. Domestic affection forms a sufficient spring of action; but mutual strangers and rival classes have no overpowering love for one another to counterbalance their natural preference of their own interests. Not only is natural affection distinct from the philanthropy preached by Socialists, but it operates in an antagonistic direction. The better a man loves his wife and children, the less will he be disposed to waste his substance on aliens. The enthusiasm of humanity must pass from the dreams of pedants into the general consciousness before the world will be able to dispense with the institution of property. Political economy, which has been called the analysis of selfishness, has, even according to its libellers, the merit of resting on something which exists, and not on an empty chimera.

Notwithstanding the abilities and accomplishments which LOUIS BLANC undoubtedly possessed, the influence which he sometimes exercised indicated an unwholesome condition of society. Gentle birth and liberal education rendered him incapable of the coarseness of LEDRU-ROLLIN

or CAUSSIDIÈRE, and he might, perhaps, if the opportunity had occurred, have resisted the temptation of enforcing his whimsical doctrines at the cost of bloodshed; but, if he had rejected in practice the precedent established by his idol ROBESPIERRE, he would have been subject to the charge of amiable inconsistency. From the more plausible occupation of promoting rebellion and civil war he was not restrained by any scruple. His elaborate pamphlet in many volumes, called the *History of Ten Years*, contributed to the disastrous overthrow of constitutional government in 1848. LOUIS BLANC was rewarded for his share in a great political crime by a seat in the Provisional Government, for which he was as unfit as a schoolboy. He afterwards published an account of the period which followed his elevation, which may be compared with the equally veracious reminiscences of LAMARTINE. Like some other French memoir-writers, the two uncongenial colleagues only agree in attributing, each exclusively to himself, all the proceedings which they think creditable to the Government. On one or two occasions LOUIS BLANC attempted to overawe the Government by the assemblage of noisy mobs; and he contradicts with indignation a story of LAMARTINE'S that the Socialist leader was during one of these disturbances carried on the shoulders of two sturdy partisans because he was too short to be seen in the crowd. The statement that LOUIS BLANC organized the *Ateliers Nationaux* from which the insurrection of June afterwards proceeded has often been made and as often contradicted. The fact was that LOUIS BLANC had a separate organization of the same kind, and that he entertained the sectarian animosity to competitors whose schemes were almost undistinguishable from his own which generally animates rival heresiarchs. With the characteristic indifference of his party to freedom, he opposed the convocation of the National Assembly, on the well-founded assumption that the constituencies were unfriendly to the Republic. He was accused of complicity in the attack on the Assembly which followed on its meeting, and he was in his absence condemned to exile. To English lawyers and laymen the proof of his guilt seemed insufficient, as it consisted principally of statements that some of the rioters seemed to have copied LOUIS BLANC, not only in his language, but in their tones of voice. His enemies shared his own practical version of the laws of evidence. In his voluminous historical writings he judged the probability of facts exclusively by the conformity of his conclusions to his own political opinions. In one of his early works he attributed the civilities shown to Marshal SOULT when he attended the coronation of Queen VICTORIA as French Ambassador to the cowardice of a decaying society. The Lords, he said, and the cotton lords, conscious of their own decline, "crowded to kiss the stirrup of the conqueror of 'Toulouse.'" His appreciation of the comparative significance of events is illustrated by an assertion that the occasion of one of his mob meetings in the time of the Provisional Government was "the greatest day in modern history, perhaps in all history."

Grosser culpability attaches to LOUIS BLANC'S *History of the great Revolution*, which is, from the first page to the last, a continuous apology for murder. It is true that his enthusiasm for massacre has been surpassed by a writer in an English periodical, who undertook the paradoxical task of rehabilitating HÉBERT and CHAUMETTE. At that point of atrocity and baseness ROBESPIERRE himself drew the line, and LOUIS BLANC was always a faithful disciple of his hero and saint. There can be no doubt that it is more wicked to kill an innocent man than to justify a cowardly and selfish assassination seventy or eighty years after its date; but ROBESPIERRE had the excuse of seeking his own aggrandizement, and, in the latter part of his career, of providing for his own safety. He killed DANTON that DANTON might not kill him; and at last he fell a victim to the impossibility of murdering all who hated him, and all who aspired to his position. LOUIS BLANC excused or applauded every action of the worst of men through a fanatical sympathy for perverse and mischievous doctrines. Not content with vindicating the arch-murderer, he went out of his way to disinter the redeeming qualities of the wretched juryman who for a paltry salary day after day condemned ROBESPIERRE'S innocent victims to death. One of them, it seems, was sober; another was an exemplary husband and father; a third died long afterwards in a harmless old age, having long survived his opportunities of crime. Many writers have falsified history in accordance with

their own predilections and prejudices; but LOUIS BLANC and some other Jacobinical writers stand alone in their fanatical admiration of tyranny, of perjury, of treachery, and of murder. He was so entirely subdued by the sublimity of his hero that he transfers to the pages of history the conventional fiction by which the Dictator and his associates habitually explained away their follies and their guilt. If the people perpetrated some utterly inexcusable act of violence, LOUIS BLANC eagerly repeats the standing excuse that it was not the real people, but a horde of assassins subsidized by PITT. It was enough to address falsehoods so foolish and so transparent to a conniving or terrified audience; that a fluent writer in a future generation should repeat the statement could not have been foreseen. At the end of his work LOUIS BLANC declares, with apparent belief in his own statement, that he has been guided throughout by the most profound reverence for truth and justice. A Jacobin of the Socialist type becomes wholly unable to distinguish between right and wrong and between truth and falsehood. It may remain as a question for casuists, whether conscious or unconscious falsehood is morally worse. There is reason to believe that LOUIS BLANC was better than his opinions; and he had not, since his return to public life, made himself notorious by promoting any political excess. It is not of good omen for the Republic that the advocate of such principles should have been respected as a member of what was not the most extreme section of anarchists. "It is such doings" [referring to some alleged job], said Mr. CARLYLE, after listening to an exposition of his doctrines by LOUIS BLANC, "that prepare the way for imbeciles like this to preach a gospel which no human being can possibly believe."

CHAMBERLAIN v. BOYD.

IT is not very often the case that public opinion is unanimous concerning the acts of a prominent party politician who is nothing if not political and partisan. But it may be safely assumed that there is this practical unanimity with regard to Mr. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN at the present moment; and it is the second time that he has been fortunate enough to excite it within twelve months. It is rather a composite feeling; and it may not be necessary, or indeed safe, considering Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's apparent temper, to analyse its constituents too narrowly. But gratitude, wonder, and amusement may be hinted at as entering into it very largely. It is just possible that in some persons the wonder may exceed the gratitude and the amusement, while in others the gratitude and the amusement may altogether get the better of the wonder, especially when they remember last spring. But that is merely an illustration of the proverb, "Many men, many minds"; and those who have frequent occasion to differ from Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, and sometimes are forced to say hard things of him, will be the foremost cheerfully to thank him for his unwearied efforts as caterer for the public pleasure. It is not everybody who can be expected to give mankind at large—or, at least, that considerable portion of mankind which reads English newspapers—an opportunity of laughing at his little family troubles. But to do it twice over in one year, and to select the festive season of Christmas for the second occasion, is a proof of good nature, if not exactly of good temper, which ought not lightly to be neglected. The CHAMBERLAIN family, like other families who are favourites of the public, has come forward to do its duty; and, unless unforeseen accidents prevent the entertainment from being fully given, it promises to be a rare success. Mr. GLADSTONE'S jubilee has not been unamusing; Lord DERBY'S explanation of the deliberations which have converted him from a late colleague of Lord BEACONSFIELD to a future colleague of Mr. GLADSTONE was not without its comic side. The "Adventures of Fifty Years" of the one, and the transformation scene of the other, are fair contributions to the political pantomime of 1882; but the "Here we are again!" of the CHAMBERLAIN family is more likely to bring down the house than either.

It is interesting to think that, if Mr. Justice FIELD had not been a profound lawyer and a genuine sportsman, the entertainment, though not wholly baulked, would hardly have gone beyond the first scene. It is a matter of principle with good Englishmen never to find fault with judges, and to look with great sternness on those who

spoil sport; and therefore the judge's decision is sure to be received with respect. It is true that there have been expressions of opinion to the effect that, if judges were even to strain their powers a little for the purpose of nipping certain always unprofitable and sometimes mischievous cases of private quarrel in the bud, it would not be wholly lamentable. But those who speak thus do not speak with the mind of the true sportsman, or of one on pleasure bent. It may be admitted that it would not only have been injudicial (if not injudicious) and unsportsmanlike, but also rather ungrateful, to interfere with the proposal of the Messrs. CHAMBERLAIN to make their family affairs, the history of their black-ballings, the legends of their *fredaines* at the Antipodes, and the unquestionable evidence of a remarkable family thinness of skin, public for the public amusement, if not for the public good. When most of us are black-balled (supposing that unpleasant accident to occur to us), or when people manifest a strong disinclination for our society, we put (metaphorically speaking) those black-balls and those cold shoulders into the most capacious pocket obtainable, and convey them, if we can, out of the sight and mind of all men. It is not easy to score off a black-ball; and the application of a thermometer to decide and record for the world's benefit the exact coldness of somebody else's shoulder is a very unwise and, it may be added, a very unfrequent experiment in social science. Therefore, when one finds a person of some station in the world acting in such a singularly unworldly fashion, his conduct must needs excite interest. "He is a rarity that one cannot but be fond of"—to use the words of ROCHESTER.

There are, as has been hinted, obvious reasons why comment should touch the case of CHAMBERLAIN v. BOYD with cautious and uplifted skirt. Never since the Trojan War, or rather the Judgment of Paris, did a personal slight apparently produce such a dreadful sense of injury and such a thirst for revenge as the rejection of Messrs. CHAMBERLAIN at the Reform. It is really unfortunate that classical allusions and the enshrining of contemporary events in classical verse have gone out of fashion. The most beautiful Latin verses in the style of another Right Honourable JOSEPH, who was a member, though a moderate one, of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S party, might be written on this occasion; and the necessary references to black-balls, to Australia, to round-robins, and other modern inventions, would give an admirable occasion to the inventiveness and Latinity of the scholar. But out of *alcaics* and in English prose the subject is one to be very delicately approached. Men who are capable of demanding ten thousand pounds because another man has, on the authority of somebody else, made a statement which may possibly be thought to have determined yet other persons unknown not to do something which, if it had been done, would have given the aggrieved ones a chance, but not a certainty, of being able uninvited to eat their lunches in a certain building in Pall Mall, are capable of demanding twenty thousand pounds if the suggestion that the English world is laughing consumedly at them is made without the greatest care. Let, therefore, the plea which their friends have made for them be carefully recorded. "Let us not," says a journal which is not supposed to hate or condemn Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, "let us not have it laid down as a universal rule that everybody is to be allowed to say what he likes, true or false, about everybody else." This is the great principle for which Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S family are contending. It is no case of appealing to the Acheron of law after the *superi* of the Cabinet have proved indifferent or powerless; still less one of revenge, or pique, or ill-temper. It is a disinterested effort to check undue license of speech. The coincidences of politics are odd. The leader of the Radical party having just used all his efforts to shut men's mouths in the House of Commons, one of the most notable of his Major-Generals (in the appropriate Cromwellian sense), apparently tries to shut their mouths out of it. However, this is only a friendly and volunteer explanation of the great principles underlying CHAMBERLAIN v. BOYD, and the plaintiffs are, of course, in no way responsible for it. Nor need any one pry too curiously into their motives. It is enough, as has been said, that they are generously giving a public entertainment for which it would ill besem the public to be ungrateful. Every one, of course, must hope that Sir R. TORRENS was quite honestly mistaken about the round-robin; that what the Adelaide Club did really was to implore their committee to make the whole family of

CHAMBERLAIN, in *secula seculorum*, honorary members of their Society; that everybody will apologize to everybody; that there will be no costs, no verdicts, no nothing. But there will still remain on record some pleasing and instructive facts, a delightful correspondence far exceeding in some of its parts the powers of man to decorate or enliven by comment, a charming picture of the family sensitiveness that felt a black-ball like a wound, and the family affection that shrank not from the most public treatment of the contents of the buckbasket. What is more, the black-balling of Messrs. CHAMBERLAIN has become an event in history. It has led to the institution of the National Liberal Club (the arms of which are doubtless three black-balls, just as the crest is Mr. GLADSTONE'S head), whither every one that is discontented and every one that is black-balled may flee away and be at rest. It has set a cheerful precedent of making family troubles Cabinet matters, and has given occasion for the most delightful exercises in mental arithmetic, as, for instance—If an offchance of being twice black-balled is worth five thousand pounds, what is the total value of the privileges of entry into all the London Clubs? Possibly it may give rise to more dreadful things still, and the child that is yet unborn may rue the black-balls of that day. But in that case the child will, if he be a dutiful child, have the satisfaction of knowing that his fathers have had more than one of the heartiest laughs over the matter and its consequences that have ever been occasioned by the spectacle of the most laughable of all things—human touchiness and human vanity.

THE CITY OF LONDON SCHOOL.

IT is unfortunate for the Corporation of London that they are so often found on the Conservative side in politics. If they were as good Radicals as the Corporation of Birmingham, their praise would be in all the *Caucuses*. We should continually be called upon to admire their liberality, their public spirit, their comprehensive estimate of their duties, their wise adaptation of themselves to all the varied conditions of a new and expanding society. As it is, their good deeds are commonly set down to the poor and futile desire of saving their corporate lives. They have secured Epping Forest for East London; they are willing even now, if the Metropolitan Board of Works could but be induced to move in the matter, to secure a Park for North-West London; they have made almost a new foundation of the City of London School. But the infection of their political principles is held to extend to everything they take in hand. They do a great deal more than by law or custom is required of them, yet there is always some one ready to say that, after all, they are but unprofitable servants. The very chronicler of their munificence insensibly takes a disparaging tone in recording it. The City of London School is described as their "pet institution," somewhat as though it were a fox terrier, and the money spent on it is said to have been "lavished." Possibly, however, "lavish" in newspaper English has come to be a synonym for spending judiciously. At all events, the results of the Corporation's extravagance have been extremely beneficial to that large section of Londoners who want a good day-school to which to send their boys. Amidst the many and great improvements which schools have undergone of late years, there has certainly been a disposition to treat this class as of secondary importance. The ideal of a great school requires that the members of the little community should, during the school year, be entirely separated from the home life they have left behind; but, like most other ideals, this can only be carried out when there are sufficient funds, not only in the school chest, but in the parents' pockets. Education combined with board and lodging must always be dearer than education given alone, and as the time when everybody will be rich enough to send his boys to a public school, in the received sense of the term, does not seem to come any nearer, it is a matter of the utmost moment to the education of Englishmen that there should be day-schools in every large city which may range, so far as circumstances will allow, with the great schools of the traditional type. No doubt there is much that a day-school, however good it may be, cannot give; but it is of more importance to remember how much there is that a good day-school can give which is not to be had in a bad one. Those who have had the care of the City of London School

have kept this fact steadily before them, and the result is that they now administer what is probably the best day-school in the world. In making and keeping it so the Corporation of London have done a real service to the public. As the *Times* has very well said, "Boarding-schools in the country do not, and cannot, solve the problem of secondary education in towns." To a large number of persons who wish to give all their sons a really good education up to the time when a boy ordinarily leaves school, and to prepare those of them who show any special qualifications for carrying their education further, this problem is mainly expressed in money. The experiment of Wellington College has shown how rapidly a large boarding-school becomes costly. In that case the class for which the school was originally designed have been pretty well banished from it. Wellington takes a high rank among public schools; but the sons of poor officers are no longer sent to it. If the City of London School had been moved into the country, a similar process of development would probably have set in.

Until about fifty years back the history of the school is the history of a vast number of similar foundations. It begins, late in the fourteenth century, with a bequest of land from JOHN CARPENTER for the bringing up of "four poor men's children"; and, though the 19l. 10s. a year which the lands were then worth had risen in 1833 to 900l. a year, the four poor men's children were still all that benefited by the charity. In this year, however, the Corporation took the charity in hand; and from that time the income of the CARPENTER bequest became a continually smaller part of the income of the school. In 1881 the additional annual contribution made by the Corporation amounted to more than 3,000l.; and, when the removal of the school to a less crowded neighbourhood than Milk Street, Cheapside had to be undertaken, the Corporation presented it with ground worth 105,000l., and have since then spent 100,000l. in building. The Corporation have acted wisely and generously in their choice of a site. Land in the suburbs is very much less valuable than land at the City end of the Embankment; and the very general set of opinion in favour of the removal of large town schools into the country would have made it easy for the Corporation to buy a cheaper site at some little distance from London, and to turn their own ground to some more profitable use. Had they done this, the composition of the school would insensibly have changed. It might even then have given the advantages of a good day-school to a large number of boys; but they would to a considerable extent have been boys whose parents had settled near the school in order to give them the benefit of it. Thus the City of London School would still have done good work; but it would have been work in which the City of London would have been interested only in name. The Corporation would have been paying for the education of some hundreds of boys who had very little to do with London, while some hundreds of boys who have been born and bred within the City boundary would have to look elsewhere for similar advantages. When this rock had been avoided, and it was decided not merely to provide a new school for 600 boys, but to ensure that the majority of these 600 boys should be living in or near the City, there was another mistake which the Corporation might have made. They might have argued that, since it was necessary to keep the school within the City boundary, it was also necessary to put up with the deficiencies natural to the situation. A country school may have ample playgrounds and every appliance for that physical training which now plays so large a part in school life. A town school must be content to forego these advantages. This was not the conclusion to which the Corporation came. They realized that the provision of playgrounds was, after all, only a question of cost, and that, if they were prepared to find the amount of land required, the body could be exercised on the Thames Embankment as well as anywhere else. Besides a gymnasium, there are covered playgrounds, and open and covered five courts. All this means that the Corporation, when they had made up their minds to give land and money for the new school, did what is sometimes a more difficult matter, and made up their minds to give enough of it. As regards the material requisites of education, the City of London School may now take rank with any that can be named.

It would be idle, of course, to contend that because the Corporation of London have dealt very handsomely by the City of London School, they should, by way of reward, be

exempted from the hand of the reformer. The municipal status of London is a large subject, and the liberality of the existing Corporation is only one element in the problem how so huge a city can best be governed. But it is permissible on the occasion of the opening of the new school buildings to point out that great care ought to be taken not to dry up this liberality at the source. Local ties are still strong in the City; and, if the Corporation were so enlarged as to take in the whole area of inhabited London, emancipation from these ties might prove to involve emancipation from the local duties with which they have been associated. The Corporation of London is something more than a mere machinery for levying and spending rates. It has a spirit and traditions of its own; and one result of that spirit and those traditions is seen in its munificent expenditure on public objects. There is some reason to fear that, if all London were subjected to the rule of the Corporation, and the Corporation funds made available for all London, as a matter, not of generosity, but of right, the districts comprising the old City might lose much, while the districts newly brought within the City might gain little. The liberality of founders and benefactors is often exceedingly capricious, and whether a man who wishes to leave his money in charity ought to have local preferences or not, it is indisputable that he very often has them. We do not say that London would be poorer in great works, such as these new school buildings, if the existing government of the City were changed; for the population of the freshly incorporated districts might conceivably rival medieval citizens in point of liberality and public spirit. But there is certainly a risk lest change of form should bring with it change of temper, and that in the end one great institution would have been destroyed without those that were expected to take the place of it really coming into being. It is sometimes wiser to bear not only the ills, but the goods, we have than to fly to others which we know not of.

THE FIRE AT HAMPTON COURT.

THE fires which have startled London during the last fortnight have the merit of increasing in interest. The destruction of the Alhambra Theatre must be given the lowest place in the scale, because fires in theatres have of late become so very common. The fire in Wood Street rises into dignity by reason of the vast amount of property burnt and the destruction of life involved. On Thursday both seemed likely to be dwarfed by the fire at Hampton Court Palace. Probably no building that can be named, after St. Paul's or Westminster Abbey, is known to such large numbers of people as this. A fire at Canterbury or Durham Cathedral might excite more feeling among artists or antiquarians; but buildings that are out of the ordinary Londoner's reach are never visited in such crowds as those which flock to Hampton Court on a Sunday in summer. The pictures in the National Gallery are of far greater value than most of those which clothe the galleries at Hampton Court; but a visit to them has not the holiday character which is imparted by a railway journey or a voyage up the Thames. To hundreds of thousands of Londoners the garden-front of the Palace, with its diverging vistas, its smooth lawns, and its formal ponds and flower-beds, must be the ideal of picturesque and stately beauty; and even those whose store of recollections is less limited will own that, when seen at its best, Hampton Court need not shrink from comparison with many palaces that are associated with more imposing or important events. Last week we instanced the national collections as less exposed to fire than those in private hands. Before the week was out one collection which, if not national in the complete sense in which the term is applied to the contents of the great London galleries, is fully so as regards its historical interest and the freedom with which it is thrown open to all comers, was in imminent danger. The point which was singled out as giving greater safety to the national collections is precisely the point in which the arrangements at Hampton Court Palace are faulty. The fire on Thursday began in one of the private rooms, and the private rooms are scattered over the building, so that the rooms which contain the collections are everywhere in contact with them. The fire had precisely the same origin as a thousand other fires in private houses. In all probability a lamp containing mineral oil was overturned in one of the private rooms on the third floor, and, the woodwork

of the rooms being old and dry, the flames thus kindled found abundance of food ready for them. When once the fire was discovered, the means for getting it under proved to be close at hand and well under control. The historical houses that have lately been destroyed have usually had to depend on the fire-engines kept in the nearest town; but Hampton Court is better provided in this respect, and has a steam fire-engine of its own. As a matter of fact, indeed, more damage seems to have been done by water than by fire. The rooms beneath those in which the fire began suffered greatly in this way; and, so far as has yet been ascertained, it is in the private apartments, and not in the rooms to which the public are admitted, that the principal injuries have been sustained. The panelling and wainscoting are, of course, burnt; and the furniture and china, which is said to be of great value and interest, has suffered considerably—though more, perhaps, from hurried removal than from any other cause. According to the account in the *Times*, only two pictures of value have perished. Others, however, had to be hurriedly taken from the walls, and carried to rooms which the fire was not likely to reach; and in this process a good deal of as yet unnoticed harm may have been done. As we understand them, all these statements apply to the private apartments and not to those in which the more important pictures are placed.

It is easy to be wise in the matter of precautions against fire after a fire has broken out and been extinguished; and we do not know that during all the years that Hampton Court Palace has been turned to its present uses any one has called attention to the danger constantly impending over the building and its contents. The Palace has been made to serve two quite inconsistent purposes. It is a museum of a high order in point of interest and historical value, and it is also the dwelling-place of a certain number of Royal pensioners. Both objects are excellent in themselves, but they are not altogether fit to be served together. It is plain that the concurrence of a few unfavourable conditions would have made the fire of Thursday very much more serious. When the third floor of a building is in flames no one has any authority to assume that the flames will be put out before they have reached the first floor. "A careful watch," says one account, "is kept to guard against 'danger of a conflagration,' but the private apartments 'are necessarily under less vigilant surveillance.'" Of course they are, and even if it were possible to maintain any effective surveillance, the risks that arise in inhabited rooms are of a kind against which surveillance can do but little. A fireman cannot be in attendance every time that a maid moves a paraffin lamp from one table to another. The only absolute protection lies in the complete separation of the rooms in which people are permitted to live from those which contain the royal pictures and other objects of interest. If these rooms are allowed to communicate with one another—if, that is, they are either above or below the public apartments, or on the same floor with them—there must be more or less of danger. We might quite conceivably have heard on Thursday night that England was the poorer by the most popular, if not the most picturesque, of its Royal palaces. Another point suggested by the incidents of the fire is the large amount of interesting things there appear to be in the Palace of which the public only become aware by reading the news of their destruction or injury. The private rooms which have been damaged by the fire or by the water used to put it out were themselves little museums; so that the use to which they are now turned may perhaps be regretted, on the double ground that it closes them against the public and makes them a source of danger to the rest of the building. The confusion between the two ends which Hampton Court Palace is now made to answer grew up in the most natural way possible. Originally the pictures in the Palace were of no more interest to the nation than the pictures at Buckingham Palace. The rooms in which they hung were private rooms of the Sovereign. When Hampton Court ceased to be lived in by its owner, the apartments were roughly divided into those which could be used as ordinary living-rooms and those which had been designed for the State ceremonies no longer held in them, and so were consequently not adapted for humbler persons. The former were naturally allotted to the ladies whom it pleased the Sovereign to permit to live there, while the latter became the public galleries which we now know so well. Now that the risk of keeping the two kinds of apartments in such close contact has been demonstrated sufficiently, and came so near to being demonstrated irreparably, it would seem that this

time has come for considering the need of a separation between the two. If this could be done in the Palace itself—if, that is, there is room in those parts of the Palace which have no architectural interest in themselves and no artistic interest as regards their contents, they might very properly be appropriated to the present occupants of the rooms in and near which the fire of Thursday happened. If the more commonplace parts of the Palace are not suited to this purpose, or if there are really no parts of the building which do not deserve careful protection against the possible risk of damage, then some other adequate accommodation might be provided for the ladies who now live in the Palace. It is easy to imagine that difficulties, both of a practical and of a more sentimental nature, might arise over the providing of such accommodation. The attraction of rooms in Hampton Court depends upon a good deal more than mere material comfort. At the same time it must be remembered that the safety of such a national collection as we have at Hampton Court is a paramount consideration; although of course if it became necessary to devise some such scheme as that above spoken of, no proposition could possibly be entertained which involved insuring the safety of a national collection at the cost of a few ladies whom the QUEEN has singled out for honour.

POETS AND THEIR PETS.

MR. MATTHEW ARNOLD has lately published in *Macmillan's Magazine* a dirge to a favourite canary, "poor Matthias." The lament for Matthias is longer, and not, perhaps, more affecting, than the verses which have won a subjective immortality for the dachshund "Geist." Dogs, and even cats, as the poet says, are nearer us than birds; for dogs, at all events, have much sympathy with human fortunes, while the calm dignity of cats has justly won the admiration of all who seek repose. Mr. Arnold's poem commemorates many other pets besides Matthias; and we learn with pleasure that there are two dachshunds, one well bred and the other not of such noble birth, which, being still in excellent health, *carant vate sacro*. The verses on Matthias remind the reader that very many poets, even those whom man delighted not, nor woman either, have taken pleasure in the affection of animals, and have bewailed their decease in harmonious numbers. Our interest in the subject has been increased, perhaps, by a chapter in a rather uncommon book, "Le Reveil de Chyndonax, Prince des Vacies Druydes Celtiques Dijonois, Avec la sainteté, religion, et diversité des Ceremonies observees aux anciennes sepultures. Par I. G. D. M. D. A Dijon. De l'impression de Claude Guyot, Imprimeur ordinaire du Roy. CIO-DC.XXI." The author was I. Guebauld, who dedicated his work to Roger, duc de Belle Garde, known in literary circles as "le Berger de l'age d'or." The volume is an antiquarian treatise on ancient tombs, barrows, and modes of burial. It contains a chapter on "Epitaphes sur les tombeaux des bestes"—Roman epitaphs on dead favourites. No Roman ever went so far as the West-country parson who removed the ancient stone cross of his parish and erected it over the grave of his favourite horse. But an epitaph on the mule of Crassus has been found, says Guebauld, between Rome and Tivoli:—

Pub. Crassus Mule sue Crasse bene ferenti
Suppedaneum hoc cum risu pos.
VIX. ANN. XI.

The Roman people once gave a public pet a public funeral. The distinguished animal was a raven, which flew every day into the Forum, perched on the rostra, and saluted Tiberius, Germanicus, and Drusus by their names. This he did for years, till a shoemaker by accident killed the bird; the people lynched the cobbler, "and the corpse of this bird was placed on a bier, richly dight, and carried on the shoulders of two Moors, with music playing before them, to a field called Ridiculus, on the Appian Way. There was that bird solemnly burned, and his ashes covered with garlands of flowers." A Florentine lady, in a later age, had a favourite dog, which barked on the approach of other visitors, but was silent when lovers approached the doors. "Et pour ce on luy fit apres sa mort l'epitaphie qui suit:

L'atral i i ladri, a gli amanti tacui
E coust, a miserie, e a ma dona piacui."

Among the moderns, Scott, when he wished to do funeral honours to Maida, "dropped into poetry," Latin poetry unfortunately. There are two false quantities in the two elegiac lines on Maida. Scott might have said, with another of his nation, "Had it not been for that confounded League and Covenant, we should have made as good longs and shorts as the best of them." Warned by this failure, Scott does not appear to have embalmed in verse either Camp, his "old friend," or the big cat which was Camp's companion. Mr. Arnold's "great Atossa," a Persian cat apparently, has been more fortunate in a divine bard:—

So Tiberius might have sat
Had Tiberius been a cat.

Byron thought prose good enough for the epitaph of Boatswain

but cats and hares and sparrows and cicalas have been more fortunate favourites of the Muse. Even schoolboys, like Tom in Mr. Sturgis's pleasant "little comedy," have mixed their tears for Lesbia's sparrow—

Qui nunc it per iter te, ebricosum
Illuc, unde negant redire quenquam,—

with the laments *hominum venustiorum*.

A poet who wrote an *Execration contre l'Angleterre*, Joachim du Bellay to wit, had an impartial affection for dogs, cats, and sparrows, animals which cannot easily be made members of the same happy family. The sparrow was the pet of "Madame Marguerite":—

Plorez belles, pleurez donques,
Plorez, si plorastes onques,
Le Passereau regrettant,
Que Marguerite aimoit tant.

Majora canamus. The *Epitaph d'un petit chien* is longer, and is pretty enough:—

Dessous cette motte verte
De lis et roses couverte
Gist le petit Peloton,
De qui le poil foletton
Frisoit d'une toison blanche
Le dos, le ventre, et la hanche.

Peloton possessed long silky ears, and

Sa queue au petit floquet
Semblait un petit bouquet.

He was not a sporting dog, but he made fierce war on flies. He was not every man's friend:—

Peloton ne caressoit
Sinon ceux qu'il cognoissoit.

He was a harmless little beast, unlike Newton's Diamond, but he was no friend of studious application.

When Du Bellay was writing his verses, or working perhaps at his official business, Peloton was wont

Sauter, pour le faire rire,
Sur la table, et trespigner,
Follastrer et gratigner,
Et faire tombez sa plume
Comme il avoit de coustume.

He wore a little bell round his neck, and was used to be dressed up and behave demurely *d'un maintien damoiselet*. Or he would stand on his hind legs and carry a pike in martial manner; for Peloton had plenty of tricks, and his master could not say, like the owner of *feu Bingo*, that "there was no nonsense about the dog." He died, and Du Bellay, speaking of his death, falls naturally into his wonted vision of a Hades still and grey, where the learned lovers of old years walk beside the peaceful waters,

Parmi ceste ombreuse plaine
Dont nul ne revient vers nous.

The "Epitaph on a Cat" is addressed to Olivier de Magny. Du Bellay says he has sustained a great loss:—

C'est Belaud, mon petit chat gris,
Belaud, qui fut peraverture
Le plus bel œuvre que nature
Fit onc en matiere de chats.

Belaud was of a silvery grey, not like a French cat, but of the Roman breed. For a kindly cat, Belaud was a singularly good mouser, and we regret to say that he once caught and ate

Une linotte et un pinçon
Qui le fascoyent de leur chanson.

Belaud carried modesty to the furthest degree:—

Et en Belaud quelle disgrâce!
De Belaud s'est perdue la race.

The epitaph on Belaud is not so good as that on Peloton. Both help to complete our mental picture of Du Bellay, a poet weak in health, overweighed with secular business, and oppressed by that melancholy which the spectacle of Rome bred in his contemplative nature. Such a man was likely to be fond of small and quiet animal favourites; one cannot imagine Du Bellay attached to a mastiff or a dog of St. Bernard's breed. In character, or at least in a retiring humour and love of peace, he was not unlike Gray, whose "Ode on the Death of a Favourite Cat Drowned in a Tub of Gold Fishes," is one of the most charming contributions to the literature of poets about pets. Artificial as the verses of Du Bellay and of his period were, those of Gray excel them in artifice. They have all the stately formality of the eighteenth century; it is a Muse in a prodigious large hoop, and elevated above the common earth on high-heeled shoes, a Muse with patches, and a fan, and a slim, gold-tipped cane, that bewails the "demurest of the tabby kind, the pensive Selima." The tabby is a "hapless Nymph," a "presumptuous Maid"; she has not the serene, imperial dignity of "great Atossa," and Gray would never have dreamed of comparing her to Tiberius. In pensive Selima he merely recognizes the familiar qualities of womankind:—

What female heart can gold despise?
What Cat's averse to fish?

Her doom has its convenient moral:—

Eight times emerging from the flood,
She mew'd to every wat'ry God
Some speedy aid to send.
No Dolphin came, no Nereid stirr'd,
Nor cruel Tom, nor Susan heard;
A Fav'rite has no friend.

The conclusion of the whole matter is not a lament for Selima, but a warning to "Beauties" "to be with caution bold." Gray does

not show very much feeling; perhaps Selima was not his own cat. The poets of the eighteenth century did not press too hard on a topic of this kind; whereas to our modern wits the death of a canary may be a text for a sermon on human isolation, and the obscurity of our mortal fate, and the audacity of our hopes "that feign themselves I know not what, of future life I know not where."

If cats were the most appropriate pets for Gray and Du Bellay, Cowper was well matched with his hares, as shy and fearful as himself, and as full of imagined terrors and dread of dangers unseen. Mrs. Browning has written exquisite lines to a dog, and weak lines, too, in a poem in which she speaks of "leaning from my Human." The sympathy of dogs has not, perhaps, been better touched than in this stanza:—

Other dogs in thymy dew,
Tracked the hares and followed through
Sunny moor or meadow.
This dog only crept and crept
Next a languid cheek that slept,
Sharing in the shadow.

There is no beast but a dog that will do as much, and but few dogs fail in this tender and silent sympathy with the troubles or the happiness of men.

Among recent poets cats seem to have been the greatest favourites. Gautier's collection has often been described. Baudelaire was fond of these animals, which probably pleased him by the singularity of their nocturnal habits, and by memories of that dreadful "Black Cat" which gives its name to a story by Edgar Poe. There is more genuine feeling, perhaps, in M. Boulmier's funeral *villanelle* over his cat Gaspard—named after "Gaspard de la nuit," we presume—than in most of the plaints we have had to cite:—

Désormais je rentre tard :
Trieste et videest ma demeure. . . .
Il n'est plus, mon vieux Gaspard !

But when the poet adds that, Gaspard being gone, it is time for him, too, to depart, we feel that the note is struck too hard. Scott said that, if dogs lived as long as men, and if our affection for them increased proportionately, the death of a dog would be more than we could bear. On the decease of a cat, which to some people is a more tolerable evil, we need not erect his tombstone and write his epitaph, *cum rism*, like the hard-hearted Roman. It would be better to hope, with the poor Indian, that there is an equal sky and a Paradise of Pets, where Atossa will not wage war on Lesbia's sparrow, nor Rab make one mouthful of Belaud.

MR. GLADSTONE'S JUBILEE.

THE incidental biographer of Mr. Justice Traddles records an amiable but somewhat monotonous habit of the learned judge's at an early period of his career, which consisted in ending all his remarks with the statement, "And I assure you she is the dearest girl." A smaller number of readers may possibly remember "the man with the bulged shoe" who played chorus during a remarkable conversation between George Borrow and an Anglesey bard, observing constantly, "The greatest Prydydd—the greatest Prydydd in the world." Now, if any one will conceive the feelings of Mr. Justice Traddles when the dearest girl in the world and he himself celebrated their golden wedding, so that the judge could say, in the words of another legal personage, M. le Président Maynard,

[Dix] lustres ont suivi le jour que tu me pris;

or those of the man with the bulged shoe when he lived to celebrate the jubilee of the greatest Prydydd in the world—then some faint idea may be entertained of the feelings of Liberals (by their own accounts) on Wednesday in this week. They kept up to the very eve of the anniversary the fond habit which has made us compare them to Mr. Justice Traddles and the man with the bulged shoe. "I assure you he is the very noblest leader," says Mr. Leatham at Huddersfield; "the greatest statesman," says Sir Thomas Brassey at Birkenhead, "The greatest statesman in the world." But in one respect their felicity resembles that of the seventeenth-century lawyer-poet and his Chloris rather than that of Traddles J. or of the man with the bulged shoe (in whose case, by the way, iteration was the more excusable in that he had been drinking the greatest Prydydd's health). Maynard remarks that, though he had loved his Chloris long, she had for a considerable period been Another's. This is exactly the case with Mr. Gladstone and the Liberals; he was Another's for a very considerable period. However, he has been theirs for a period scarcely less considerable, and that is, naturally enough, what they think of most. Their reflections, also naturally, follow nearly the same line as our friend the President's:—

Qu'on a vu revenir de malheurs et de joies,
Qu'on a vu trébucher de peuples et de rois,
Qu'on a pleuré d'Hector, qu'on a brûlé de Troyes,
Depuis que mon courage a fléchi sous tes lois.

It is true that Chloris can hardly have been quite so active an instrument in the upsetting of kings and peoples (it is a pity that *lois* does not come in that part of the stanza too) as Mr. Gladstone has, but no matter. The Radical party, which is now allowed to call itself the Liberal, envied Mr. Gladstone to its rival for a great many years, got him at last, and has found him a most invaluable helpmate. It has not apparently that aversion to

widows which has sometimes been felt and expressed, and a very agreeable sight it is to see husband and wife so well satisfied with each other after so considerable a space of years. It is true that the general invitation which has been issued to the nation at large to come and rejoice with this family rejoicing has its inconveniences. For the metaphor of widowhood which has been used is not quite accurate. Mr. Gladstone is not, politically speaking, a widow; he is a *divorcée pour cause*, and in such cases the first husband makes rather an awkward figure at the feast. Still, instances of complaisance of this kind have been known, and good manners have enabled people to get through quite as awkward situations. Moreover, it must be admitted that a very happy coincidence distinguishes the ceremony. A younger politician has selected this moment to repeat Mr. Gladstone's proceedings and chop and change political ribs. Out of the plenitude of his experience Mr. Gladstone can give Lord Derby full advice how to bear himself on the touching occasion.

Many interesting remarks have as usual been made on this opportunity. A parallel has been drawn between Mr. Gladstone and Lord Palmerston, in which, however, the most instructive points of contact or contrast have been left out. Among the more or less smart and ill-tempered things which have been said by members of one great English University respecting the other, there is a famous *mot* to the effect that Cambridge had the honour of educating the Reformers whom Oxford had the honour of burning. Similarly it may be observed that Lord Palmerston had the honour of preserving the institutions which Mr. Gladstone had the honour of destroying. There is nothing more curious than the sudden arrest of decay in the constitutional fabric between 1850 and 1865, unless it be the sudden reappearance and wide-spread of it between 1865 and the present day. But it must be admitted that there has been a considerable special providence for Mr. Gladstone. There have been institutions too which Mr. Gladstone, to do him justice, strove to keep alive, though unsuccessfully, and it is surprising that so little notice has hitherto been taken of these in the panegyrics lavished upon his anniversary. West Indian slavery and the Confederate States of America both had the benefit of his conservative endeavours; but, great as he is as a puller down, Mr. Gladstone has never been great as a builder up. *Non omnes omnia*, and let each man have the praise due to him in his own vocation. But Radicals really should not draw parallels between Mr. Gladstone and Lord Palmerston; the suggestiveness of them is too great.

On these occasions of rejoicing there is nothing like an appropriate literature—a fact which even Secularists have been driven to recognize by the composition of a manual. Attention has already been drawn to the want of such a literature in the case of Mr. Gladstone, and to the consequent bareness and monotony (almost amounting to that of the man with the bulged shoe) displayed in the benedictions of his followers. For the present purpose, however, not so much a manual of praise or prayer as a short collection of essays dealing with interesting points in Mr. Gladstone's life, character, and utterances is what we chiefly need. We are glad to hear, on authority for which we do not vouch, and which we believe to be quite worthless, that such a book is in preparation. It will open with a political essay on a text taken from an address to the electors of Newark just fifty years ago—"We must watch and resist that indiscriminating desire for change among us which threatens to produce, along with partial good, a melancholy preponderance of mischief"—and will be illustrated by many striking instances of the fulfilment of this remarkable prophecy. The second paper will be a short treatise on the accurate use of words, illustrated by some discussion on the word "nominee" which took place in 1832, and some on the phrase "Kilmainham Treaty" which took place in 1882. The object of the writer will be to show how vain is the charge of inconsistency made against Mr. Gladstone, and to prove that he has always been the same man. The third chapter will be a very interesting thesis on a question put by the member for Newark on the 3rd of June, 1833, "Were not Englishmen to retain their honestly and legally acquired property?" This will be handled with special reference to the value of estates bought in Ireland under Parliamentary titles. The following statement of an anonymous writer in 1838 will supply a subject for the fourth:—"When it suits himself or his party, he (Mr. Gladstone) can apply himself with the strictest closeness to the real point at issue, and when to evade the point is most politic, no man can wander from it more widely." Many interesting examples will illustrate this part of the volume. Least delay on these early times should weary the reader, the next essay will pass to the Crimean War. Its text will be a sentence of the late Prince Consort's, about "giving new hopes and spirit to the enemy," and various instances of the indebtedness of the enemies of England to Mr. Gladstone's chivalrous and evangelic affection for them will diversify the tale. Another aspect of the same incidents will supply the subject of an article on "Loyalty to Colleagues, as exhibited by Mr. Gladstone." The events of the last five-and-twenty years will of necessity be summarily treated, but the sections dealing with them will not yield in interest to those preceding. "On Muzzled and Unmuzzled Politicians" is talked of as one paper. "How to Pay Out the Clergy" will be a short tract of much practical interest. "The Chapel Bell: a Tale of Ireland," seems to promise a stirring interlude; and "Tit for Tat, and Hang all Landlords," may be either the same or a political pamphlet. It will be observed that we speak with diffidence of these latter articles, and, indeed, their titles seem almost too good to be true. "My Absence from

Downing Street and the Question of the Hour" sounds like a plagiarism, and "The Paths of Office and Retirement" is clearly a thing devised by the enemy. "Pâté à la Karolyi," however, appears appetizing. More serious articles seem to be promised in the trio, "Mr. Gladstone's Foresight, by a Russian Surveying Officer"; "Mr. Gladstone's Magnanimity, by a Boer"; "Mr. Gladstone's Affection for Nationalities, by Ahmed Arabi the Egyptian." Even abstruse questions being not now excluded from popular miscellanies, it may not be surprising to find a short note, "Whether there is any meaning in the phrase 'erecting the negation of God into a system of government,' and, if so, whether it has anything to do with the disestablishment of Churches, the secularizing of education, and the patronage of Mr. Bradlaugh?" Finally, "Some Thoughts on Gags" will close an interesting monument of an interesting occasion, possessing all the variety and more than the actuality of a Christmas number.

The question of motto and colophon has, it is said, been much, and as yet fruitlessly, discussed. "A man so various that he seemed to be," &c., was proposed for the title-page; but is reputed to have been rejected as hackneyed and untrue as regards the line

He had his jest, and they had his estate;

for, it was justly remarked, Mr. Gladstone has never had a jest, and it is the Irish landlords' estates, not his, which he has made away with. For the colophon "We shall not look upon his like again" was suggested; but it was urged that this reflection would be a positive comfort to Mr. Gladstone's fiendish enemies. These points are therefore unsettled; and it is even rumoured that the publication is delayed, lest Mr. Gladstone's policy should undergo another change before the year is out and thus make the book incomplete.

PEASANT PROPRIETORSHIP AT WORK.

THOSE who write and speak on the Radical side are usually well aware of the expediency of ignoring, so far as possible, disagreeable facts. It is curious to note that, in the many discourses and disquisitions of the leaders and admirers of Trade-Unions, little is ever said of the effect which an increase in the cost of labour has in raising the prices of commodities for the working classes as well as for the wealthier portions of the community. A rise in the wages of pitmen may mean a rise in the price of coal, and this may cause discomfort or even severe suffering to the poor. A rise in the wages of masons, bricklayers, and carpenters may mean dearer cottages, and in the end higher rents; but these and similar effects of increased pay are, generally speaking, studiously ignored, just as certain important but disagreeable subjects are ignored in society. In like manner, it is not infrequently thought the best course to leave unnoticed facts which from a Radical point of view are unpleasant and cannot easily be argued away or denied. It is not then surprising that Lady Verney's description, in the current number of the *Contemporary Review*, of the condition of the peasant proprietors in Auvergne should have received small comment. Those who rave against the present system of ownership of the land, and declare that it should belong to "the people," may learn from her pages what results, in some cases at all events, where the land does belong to the people. When land has been divided into plots so small that the peasant can only just live and rear a small family, it cannot be further subdivided, and is possessed by "the people" as much as it ever can be possessed by the people. This is the case in Auvergne, and in other parts of France; but, unfortunately, the results of this possession of land by the actual cultivator is by no means satisfactory, to say the least. Such being the case, it is, no doubt, judged best to avert the eyes from a painful picture, and to treat with that quiet contempt which good breeding dictates as the best punishment for bad taste, the impertinent persons who endeavour to attract attention to disagreeable facts which do not altogether confirm the justice of Radical views.

Those views, as we need hardly say, have been very emphatically, if not very clearly, stated. At the last Trades-Union Congress the delegates passed a resolution in favour of nationalization of the land. They did not very fully explain what they understood by this, and various interpretations of the hazy expression they used may be given; but probably what they meant was that the cultivator should have a much larger interest than he now has in the land, and that the landlord should be got rid of altogether or made a mere annuitant. In any case the most ardent amongst them could not desire more than that the cultivators should be absolute owners of the land in fee simple, with no ghosts of landlords in the shape of annuitants to trouble them; because, even in the most democratic society, nothing beyond this blissful result could be attained. In France, as every one knows, the actual cultivator is, for the most part, the owner—peasant-proprietorship having become, if not universal, at all events general, owing to the system of division which has now been in operation for so long. The feudal oppressor has disappeared, and the fruits of the soil are for him who gains them by the sweat of his brow. The result of this practical realization of the democrat's dream is that a great many men and women lead a life of severe and incessant toil, only gaining even by this just enough to subsist upon, and are debarred, not merely from comfort, but from much that in civilized countries might be thought necessary; while some of the agricultural population lead a life which, in its utter squalor and wretchedness, scarcely seems above that of the savage. Indeed

it may be doubted whether savages do not lead, so far as the satisfaction of material wants goes, a much more pleasant existence than that which falls to the lot of the poorer amongst the French peasantry.

Of what that life actually is Lady Verney gives in the article referred to a graphic description. It is difficult to suppose that she has in any sensible degree exaggerated, since she has been careful to give the names of most of the places she visited, so that it is perfectly easy for any one who knows the country or chooses to visit it to verify or disprove her statements. The first village she went to was one situated within a drive of Royat, a bathing place near Clermont, that has recently sprung up. In this hamlet, which bears the very inappropriate name of Beauséjour, Lady Verney soon found a woman who was willing to show her house, and who explained that during cold weather the inmates kept warm by living in the stables with the cows, saying pathetically, "Il y a là une si douce chaleur; it is so pleasant that one can't help nodding with sleep; the roof is boarded, and there is a little window, and when one comes out into the open air, there is such a steam, and it is like an oven." With this agreeable vision before her, Lady Verney inspected another house, the description of which had best be given in her own words:—

There was no window whatever,—only two panes, which did not open, over the doorway,—and no light or air unless the door was ajar. No shelf, press, or cupboard was to be seen, and on the floor lay onions, dirty clothes, bread, sticks, and the indescribable remnants of never-stirred rubbish. One could not say the floor was "dirty as the ground," because out-of-doors the pure rain fell and cleared away the filth, whereas within no water was ever used by human hands, or indeed could be, unless the whole house had been turned out-of-doors. "Where do you sleep?" said I. "Oh, up there." There was no stair or opening of any kind. "But how do you get to it?" "By the street." She led the way up a steep path to the road above, by which we reached the higher level, where the bedroom opened. True, they must pass to bed through the cold and wet, but then they spared themselves the expense of a stair. The pleasures of spending her evening with her cow were insisted upon by this mistress also.

After visiting Beauséjour, Lady Verney went to Beaumont, where the houses, though a little better than those in the first-named village, were very miserable; and then to Montferand, where in "the fifteenth-century town houses of the nobles" the *cultivateurs* of the neighbourhood are, to use Lady Verney's words, "living like animals." But even more wretched apparently than the life of the peasants at this place, or at Beauséjour or Beaumont, is that of the inhabitants of a hamlet high up near the Puy-de-Dôme which Lady Verney visited. Speaking of a habitation at this pleasant place, she says:—

We entered a large stable, with a central stone pillar and vaulted roof, which the owners had built themselves; on one side were three cows, on the other two wooden beds in one frame against the wall, with a couple of cradles and a cot; the sheets tolerably clean; the floor without an attempt at a pavement of any kind; filthy, to a degree not describable, with the cows' litter, the chickens' dirt, a quantity of old bits of wood, broken boxes lying in the corner, with the chest for corn, whilst the clothes hung on ropes in the midst of the disorder. There was no press, no cupboard or shelf to be seen—one little window near the beds. . . . The instincts of civilization were too strong, and I came to an end, dead beat.

To these agreeable descriptions she adds the following statement respecting the habits of the peasants:—

No doctor is ever sent for or thought of, said Dr. P., except for fractures; the people die or get well, as happens. They never wash, except hands and face at the fountain, from January 1st to December 31st, and such a thing as a basin or jug was never anywhere to be seen.

Much more might be cited from Lady Verney's article to show how miserable the lives of these poor people are; but we have not space for further extracts, and what we have quoted proves sufficiently how wretched their existence is. They are, perhaps, amongst the poorest of the French peasantry, but apparently in other parts of France the cultivators are not much better off. When Lady Verney described at the *table-d'hôte* what she had seen, her French neighbours did not seem in the least surprised. A Breton lady said that in Brittany it was much the same, and another lady said that in Touraine the people slept, not in the cowsheds, but in the stables, having usually "a little off place to sleep in." So far as Lady Verney could ascertain, the only province in which the agricultural population was tolerably well off was Normandy, where there has not been so much subdivision, and where many tenant farms remain. The nationalization of the land, the gradual parcelling of it out amongst the people, certainly does not seem to have benefited the people; and even if the Auvergne peasants are a little worse off than others, their state shows, at all events, the kind of result which may be expected when possession of land by the cultivators has become fully established. The question of course which suggests itself to Englishmen is whether the establishment of a peasant proprietary in England would lead to like consequences, and it is not easy to see how they could be avoided, since the causes which have produced the miserable condition of many of the cultivators in France would almost of necessity operate in like manner in other countries. The wretched state of the peasants in Auvergne appears from Lady Verney's account to be due to the smallness of their holdings, to bad cultivation, and to the fact that, small as the holdings are, they are not compact, but that the tiny plots of ground on the produce of which a man has to live are often situated at some distance from each other. It is further to be observed that, owing to poor crops of grapes during several years, the peasants are now perhaps even more indigent than usual; but, under any circumstances, they must live in wretched poverty. The first and prin-

cial cause of penury mentioned—the tiny amount of each property—is, as need scarcely be said, due to subdivision under the French law of inheritance; but it is extremely difficult to understand how similar subdivision could be prevented in another country, unless a democratic community, while giving the land to “the people,” and dispossessing the landlords, chose to adopt what is generally considered by democrats as the worst feature of an aristocratic system. It is impossible to suppose that in revolutionized England inheritance by the first-born son would be allowed. If advanced principles prevailed, a system under which an eldest son or a favourite son might oust all the others and gain sole possession of the land would never be tolerated. Consistent democrats would necessarily enact that all children should inherit equally, and subdivision of land would go on until starvation-point was reached. The second of the causes above mentioned—bad cultivation—is at once cause and effect. It produces poverty, and is caused by poverty. The faculties of a man who is held down to incessant labour, and is only just able to support himself by it, are usually narrow, and he is little likely to have sufficient intelligence to appreciate new methods, and still less likely to be either able or willing to spend the money necessary for introducing them. It would be hard indeed to expect a peasant to mortgage his plot for the sake of trying an experiment which, after all, might fail. The third cause of poverty mentioned, the dispersed nature of the little properties, owing to which a good deal of time is spent in getting from one field to another, is not altogether easy to account for; but, according to Lady Verney, it is in part due to the extreme jealousy which the peasants feel towards any one of their number who seeks to be a little better off than the rest. If a man tries to make his holding a compact one by exchange or purchase, the others unite against him, and he commonly finds the effort hopeless. Can it be assumed that no similar feeling would exist in this country if the land belonged to the people? Does the history of Trade-Unions show that there is no jealousy amongst workmen, and that the efforts of energetic men to do better than their comrades are regarded without hostility and without any desire for a forced equality? With regard to the bad years, it need only be said that these happen with all crops, and that in one respect Auvergne has been singularly fortunate, as the phylloxera has not visited it. Moreover, the habits of life which Lady Verney describes are clearly not the result of recent or temporary misfortune.

On the whole, then, it is difficult to see why the establishment of a peasant proprietary in England should have happier results than are now witnessed in France. It can hardly be contended that Englishmen are likely to work harder or to be more thrifty than the French peasants, who are perhaps the most laborious and parsimonious race that exists in the civilized world. In all probability Englishmen in the position of the French cultivators would fare even worse, as they would neither toil so much nor be so careful. It is, however, easy to ignore these considerations, easy to overlook the present state of the cultivators, and to disregard witnesses who, like Lady Verney, tell unpleasant truths, and, no doubt, this is the wisest as well as the easiest course. Attacks on landowners are much more telling than inquiries into such disagreeable subjects as the condition of French peasants.

SIR THOMAS WATSON.

THERE are very few medical men of middle age in this country who will not feel that by the death of Sir Thomas Watson they have lost one of their most cherished heroes, for since their students' days the author of the *Lectures on the Principles and Practice of Physic* has been to them an object of reverence rather than of simple admiration and respect. Medical students are as clannish, and have the same kind of feeling for the schools and hospitals in which they were educated, as graduates of the Universities have for their respective colleges, and they give but a grudging allegiance to the teachings of men, no matter how famous they may be in the public estimation, who have not been born and bred, as it were, within the precincts of their own school. Thus, St. George's is proud of its Brodie and Bence Jones, Guy's of its Astley Cooper and Addison, and all the other schools have authorities of equal note to whose teachings the students listened and to whose superior experience they appealed when they had ceased to be students and had entered on the responsibility of the actual practice of their profession. Few men have been able to break through this singular clannishness of the London medical schools, and no one ever attained to the proud position which Sir Thomas Watson occupied—of belonging to, being listened to, and esteemed by all of them. During the past fifty years no physician—we might say no half-dozen physicians—can be said to have done so much for the education of the vast body of the medical profession as Sir Thomas Watson; and we do not feel guilty of exaggeration when we assert that outside the circle of the London and Edinburgh schools and hospitals, the medical practice of the present day is almost entirely based on his teachings, supplemented by the newer views which are slowly and silently diffused by the medical journals, and by the experience which comes from the actual practice of their profession.

Sir Thomas Watson has run the course and reaped all the honours incident to the career of a distinguished London physician. He was a tenth Wrangler and a Fellow of his College, and,

taking up the study of medicine somewhat later in life than is usual for University graduates, he became in succession a Fellow, a Member of the Council, a Censor, and President of the College of Physicians, which body he also represented in the first Medical Council. He had a wide practice, and might have retained the lead of it for many years if he had cared to work as hard as the men who now occupy his place. He was Physician in Ordinary to the Queen, and received from her hands the highest title and dignity which politicians think a physician is entitled to receive, that of baronetcy.

Although he was a Fellow of the Royal Society, we do not remember any discoveries in medicine or general science which are associated with his name; and his fame in the future will, like that of the past, be chiefly associated with his position as a teacher and the writer of one of the most brilliant and fascinating books in the English language. Sir Thomas Watson has often been called the Macaulay of medicine, and, as far as the ease, lucidity, and polish of his literary style is concerned, this is a correct comparison; but we would prefer to call him the Goethe of his profession from the fulness of his knowledge and the all-round character of his culture and the clearness and acuteness of his intellect. If Carlyle had thought it desirable to add the teacher to the list of the heroes who are worthy of worship, he might well have chosen Watson as his type and example. At no time has there been such a crying need for wise and able teachers as now, both inside and outside the medical profession, to condense and arrange the multifarious knowledge which lies in disorder around us, and which threatens to overwhelm us. Art schools, science schools, technical schools, are springing up everywhere, and demanding teachers who will put them in possession of the knowledge which has already been discovered and, in part at least, digested. Philosophers and men of science engaged in investigations, like distinguished musicians, rarely possess the faculty or the patience to make good teachers, and we therefore give an extract from Sir Thomas Watson's introductory chapter to his celebrated *Lectures on the Principles and Practice of Physic*, which shows the method which he adopted, and which is equally applicable to other arts than that of medicine. It will also serve as an example to the non-professional reader of the style of writing for which he has been so much admired and lauded by his professional brethren and pupils:—

By the principles of medicine are meant those general truths and doctrines which have been ascertained and established, slowly indeed, and irregularly, but still with considerable precision, by the continued observation of attentive minds throughout the entire progress of medicine as a science. These principles I profess to teach you. The practice of medicine, or the practical application of those general facts and doctrines, I shall describe to you; but I cannot profess to teach it in this room; nor can you learn it, except in a very imperfect sense, from my description of it. It is the science that I shall here endeavour to unfold. Skill and faculty in turning that science to useful purpose I am unable to impart to you. There are qualities that do not admit of being communicated from one mind to another. The practice of physic, like every other practical art, is to be learnt by its repeated exercise; by habit; by carrying its various acts into direct effect again and again; or, if they happen to require no manual dexterity, by looking on, and seeing them done again and again. There is this capital difference, however, between the art of healing and some other arts; that the blunders of early attempts may be both grievous and irremediable—may hurt or spoil the goodly and precious fabric they are intended to repair. . . . In what, then, you may fairly ask, consists the value or the use of lectures on the practice of physic, if the practice of physic cannot be taught by lectures?

The main object of systematic lectures, explanatory of the principles, and descriptive of the practice of medicine, is to prepare the hearer for observing to the best advantage the actual phenomena of disease and the power of remedies over it. They are intended to fit him for seeing with intelligence—to enable him to read, and understand, and interpret, the book of nature when it is laid open before him—in short, to qualify him for clinical study. . . . There are persons, indeed, who seriously, and I make no doubt in perfect good faith, warn the student against bringing to the contemplation of disease any preconceived opinions; who tell him he must come with a free and unprejudiced mind, and see, and note, and judge of all things for himself. I also would have him exercise, and ultimately abide by, his own judgment; but surely if every man were to depend upon his own unassisted observation for his knowledge of disease, every man would be marvellously ignorant, and the science of medicine would stand still, or cease to be. “If no use be made,” says Dr. Samuel Johnson, “of the labours of past ages, the world must remain always in the infancy of knowledge.”

The business, therefore, of a lecturer on the *Principles and Practice of Medicine* is, first, to fix upon some order in which to treat of the various subjects comprised in his course. The simpler and the less artificial his arrangement the better. The chief use of this classification is to facilitate the recollection of particular facts; and, if I can distribute and connect the multitudinous forms of disease in such a manner as that they shall appear plain to your understanding, and take a secure hold upon your memory, I shall not trouble myself nor you with vain search after that phantom—a perfect methodical nosology.

The duties of a lecturer on medicine are metaphorically but aptly expressed by Lord Bacon, whom I may venture to paraphrase thus:—The lecturer must not be the ant, collecting all things indiscriminately from all quarters, as provender for his discourse; nor the spider, seeking no materials abroad, but spinning his web of speculative doctrine from within himself; but rather the bee, extracting crude honey from various flowers, storing it up in the recesses of his brain, and submitting it to the operation of his internal faculties, until it is matured, and ready for use.

Such are the views of the functions and duties of the teacher as defined by one of the most successful teachers of one of the most difficult branches of human knowledge. The great changes which time has brought in the means of medical research and tuition deprive these words of Sir Thomas Watson of none of their weight, and we make no apology for the length of our quotation. The tendency of medical science and art to follow the example of the mechanical arts and break up into specialisms is much to be depre-

cated as tending to a littleness and narrowness of view of a medical man's duties. Such minute divisions of labour were quite unknown to Watson when he delivered his lectures in the theatre of King's College; and we may hope that the reminder which his death must give of the work which he did and the manner in which he did it, will bring back medical teaching to a more liberal and less technical bearing. Of Sir Thomas Watson's appreciation by his personal friends, the Roll of the College of Physicians fully testifies. Writing four years ago, the compiler says, referring to many of his compeers, "Sir Thomas Watson survives, esteemed by the whole of the medical profession, and beloved by those of that body who know him best—the members of the College of Physicians, with which institution he has been long so intimately and so honourably connected." His personal history is the best commentary on the value of his precepts and practice. He lived a long, serene, and useful life, and died in the full possession of his intellectual faculties, at the advanced age of ninety-one, of the natural decay of that "goodly and precious fabric" of which he always spoke with so much reverence and love.

THE HIGHLANDS AND ISLANDS OF SCOTLAND.

WE do not wish to go deeply into the economical principles professed by the gentlemen who agitate against the expatriation of Highlanders. Discussions on the subject have been going on for more than a century, so it seems probable that before the Legislature is persuaded to interfere the grievances deplored by the philanthropists may be well-nigh irremediable. But there are various considerations on the other side which must forcibly strike the most superficial observer. The discussion of the question had begun, as we have said, considerably more than a century ago, and apparently at that time the aspect of the Highlands was suggestive of anything rather than a social Paradise. Dr. Johnson and the faithful companion of his Western wanderings went through a series of sensational adventures and hardships which must have sent a shudder through the veins of their friends in London or Brighthelmston. They lay in foul cabins reeking with peat smoke, where they secured the rickety doors against possible cutthroats; although those suspicions did their savage-looking hosts gross injustice. When they left the great military roads made by General Wade and the victorious soldiery of Culloden, they had to thread rough bridle-tracks in single file—a mode of travel which, as Johnson complained, was fatal to sociability. Not infrequently they were forced to choose between going supperless to bed and breaking their fast upon viands that would have discredited an Abyssinian *cuisine*. A little rum and sugar, luxuries sent to the strangers on one occasion by a neighbouring tacksman, lighted on the thirsty soul of the punch-loving Boswell like manna in the wilderness. When they were entertained in the castles of hospitable island chieftains, they complained of the coarse and fresh-killed joints, and of the absence of any bread save oaten cakes and barley-meal scones, though they did every justice to the liberality of their broad-acred entertainers, who bought wines and groceries cheap from the frequent contraband traders. The guests were huddled together on shake-downs in cramped bedrooms, and delicacy went little further than a separation of the sexes, which habitually divorced husbands from wives. When passing from the mainland to the Hebrides and from island to island in the archipelago, their arrangements were at the mercy of the winds and waves. Even the coach-and-six of the chief of Dunvegan, a long boat manned by half a dozen sturdy rowers, was unprovided with anything like regular seats, and the passengers stowed themselves away in the bottom on some armfuls of straw among the ballast. And if these things were done in the green tree, what must have been done in the dry? If a pair of illustrious strangers fared so indifferently, though every potentate, except the penurious MacDonald of Sleat, delighted to honour them with an excess of Highland cordiality, what must have been the fate of the peasantry and fishermen who kennelled in their hovels of turf or half-subterranean dens? We may be sure that things had not materially changed for the better, in spite of the profitable trade in kelp to which the Duke of Argyll lately referred, since Baillie Nicol Jarvie described the lot of the dwellers beyond the Highland line in most picturesque language to Mr. Francis Osbaldistone. And it must be remembered that the business-like mind of the Baillie dealt so far as was practicable in exact statistics. If the inhabitants were so many, and there was only occupation for so few, what was to become of the idle surplus; or of the mass, if the inadequate profits were to be distributed among them? When the sage of the Sautmarket so delivered himself, the trade of the cateran still offered occupation which, although precarious, was profitable, to a certain number of able-bodied men; while an occasional outbreak of the clans in force gave the neighbouring lowlands over to pillage. When Johnson gathered the materials for his *Visit to the Western Isles*, the rebellions of the '15 and the '45 had been successively stamped out in blood; and the population of the Highlands was effectually bridled by regular forts and outlying garrison parties. The prolific clansmen and their families had already become burdensome to the chieftains, who could no longer use the swords of their dependents to persuade the Government to bribe them or to serve their personal ambitions; while, on the other hand, in the hard winters and in the frequent

seasons of scarcity, they felt bound to come to the help of the needy and starving. No doubt the altered habits and tone of thought of the chiefs went far towards precipitating the emigration which was inevitable. They had been educated at schools in the South, and mixed with gay society in London or Edinburgh. They had learned to accustom themselves to luxuries which had been unfamiliar or unattainable to their fathers. They had been heavily fined for their share in the Jacobite risings, and between those penalties and their more extravagant expenditure they had seriously burdened their estates. With land letting at from twopence halfpenny to sixpence an acre, even when they turned the newfangled black cattle on to their barren bogs and rocky hill pasturage, they had literally not the means to be charitable. We may censure the ambition or reckless improvidence of the landlords; but the cottiers, if not the tacksmen, were driven to choose between the hard alternatives of emigrating or starving. No doubt the chiefs exercised a pressure at the time which was eminently disagreeable to those to whom it was applied, and which excited the generous indignation of Johnson, although an ardent admirer of patriarchalism or feudalism. No doubt the pressure came with special severity on those Highland families, since they had a Celtic or cat-like fondness for places and associations, and were tenderly attached to the scenes among which they had starved. But we are concerned rather with results than with sentiment; and it would be difficult indeed to deny that the upshot of these involuntary voyages to the New World has been satisfactory to all most immediately concerned. The children and grandchildren of ancestors who must have lived on the borders of beggary and died in receipt of parochial relief are at the present moment flourishing as farmers in America; or, thanks to the educational opportunities they have enjoyed, they have made their mark in the intellectual professions or in Transatlantic politics. In the districts thus evacuated the landlords have been left free either to turn their estates to the most lucrative purpose or to transfer them to the possession of wealthier men, who would never have bought them overburdened with paupers; while the parishes in some of the remoter islands which have been "depopulated" are at this moment rabbit-warrens, overstocked with the poverty-stricken, and at the mercy of each accident of unfavourable seasons.

We repeat that we are not discussing principles, but are merely taking note of patent facts. But undoubtedly the greatest drawback that suggests itself as connected with the exportation of the aborigines is the injury it has done to our recruiting. Formerly the Gordon or the Seaforth Highlanders were really recruited from Gordons or Mackenzies—from the hordes of able-bodied men in the upland glens, who were ever ready and eager to take His Majesty's shilling. But now Queen Victoria has to send her recruiting sergeants to the whisky-shops and gin-palaces in the great manufacturing cities, contenting herself with the scapegraces among their urban populations. Otherwise, everything in the Highlands smiles on one, so far as cliffs, heaths, and solitudes can be said to smile. There may be wide wastes abandoned to the red-deer, and broad stretches of grouse moor which are leased to the sportsman and sheep-farmers. Here and there you will come upon the foundations of some cluster of hovels, skirted possibly on the one side by the mounds of an ancient graveyard. But, wherever we see a hamlet or a group of scattered cottages, they generally consist of snug and substantial dwellings. The shepherds, gillies, and watchers may lead lonely lives in their lonely dwellings in the winter, when the snow-drifts have cut the communications with their kind; but they always earn ample wages; they are well fed, well housed, and warmly clothed. Their children may have to "travel" far in the summer to the parish school; but, when they reach it, they find instruction that is worth the walking for. The crofters who have no regular engagement nevertheless manage to eke out their means by taking a turn at the herring fishery; for, when the fleets are fitting out for the sea, hands are always in request. The rivers, the roads, and the railways which are patronized by Southern tourists employ no inconsiderable amount of well-remunerated labour. There are troops of drivers, ostlers, waiters, and railway guards; and guides who can grope their way through the fogs, and are familiar with the hill-summits and the passes. There are boatmen and fishermen who reap a regular harvest on the lochs, though they may be regarded as the high priests of the genius of disappointment. But those roads which open up the most remote of the glens, and which lead to sea-arms and "ferries" at the very back of the world, would never have been made as yet for the sake of some casual tourists. They owe their existence to the briskness of the bargaining which has transferred the fee or the leases of barren Highland domains to the wealthy Southern strangers who are so roundly abused. There was first a rise in the value of the shootings which skirted the ancient highways. The demand rapidly increased, out of all proportion to the more accessible hills and straths; whereupon the County Commissioners of Roads, who were themselves the owners of eligible, though inaccessible, property, began to exert themselves to extend accommodation. The wilderness that fetched little from the sheep-farmer or the cattle-breeder began to bring fancy prices from the deer-stalkers; the wave-beaten cliffs that had been sacred to the sea-eagles began to represent a very tangible value in the books of the shooting agents in Perth and Inverness; and as coaches or passenger-carrying mail-carts were set agoing on the way to the lodges, the innkeeper followed in the track of the road-

maker. And so it has come about that we see the Highlands as they are; although, thanks to the remains of a more primitive and unfortunate state of things, we hear occasionally of incidents which scandalize the philanthropists.

THE UNITED STATES TARIFF.

THE United States Treasury is suffering from an inconvenience of which Governments seldom complain. It has too much money. In the financial year ended with June last it had a surplus of over 29 millions sterling; in the current financial year it expects a surplus of 24 millions sterling; and next year it anticipates an equally large surplus. It secures this enormous excess of revenue over expenditure chiefly by means of protective duties. At the present time, for instance, it is said that in New York alone the duties paid upon imports average nearly a quarter of a million sterling a day; and as these duties are paid in gold, they abstract from the money market sums so large as seriously to inconvenience trade. The New York money market, though very important, is much smaller than that of London, and is seriously affected, therefore, by much smaller withdrawals of money. Moreover, the Treasury arrangements in the United States aggravate the mischief in an extraordinary degree. In this country taxes of all kinds are paid into the Bank of England, and the Bank, while holding the proceeds, is free to use them just as it uses the deposits of any private customer. The money, therefore, is never entirely withdrawn from the service of trade. But in the United States the taxes are paid into the Treasury itself, and being locked up there are for the time being as completely lost to trade as if the money had been taken bodily out of the country. At times the money so locked up in the Treasury has amounted to several millions sterling, and has so denuded the New York money market that the rate of interest has risen under the influence of speculation to twenty, thirty, and even forty per cent. When this has happened there has been a great outcry, and a demand has been addressed to the Secretary of the Treasury to undo the mischief the Treasury was doing. As a matter of course, the speculators saw their opportunity, and availed themselves of it with the smartness peculiar to them. They got hold of a large proportion of the money still remaining in the market, and thus so diminished the funds available for lending and discounting that the rate of interest was run up as we have already stated. Naturally the Secretary of the Treasury was accused of aiding the speculators, and it was alleged that he himself had a pecuniary advantage in the scare that was created in the money market and the fall it caused in the prices of Stock Exchange securities. The only way in which the Secretary could relieve the market was by offering to buy United States bonds, and this at a certain point he was compelled to do. But it frequently happened that the mere calling in of bonds was not immediately responded to, and then the Secretary was entreated to take other measures, those other measures being an offer to redeem the called bonds without deducting interest. When he did so he was accused, on the other hand, of aiding another set of speculators. In short, if he allowed the Treasury arrangements as he found them to work out their own course he was accused of aiding the speculators for the fall; and if he attempted to relieve the market he was accused of aiding the speculators for the rise. Thus he was mixed up in all sorts of stock-jobbing rumours, and the character of the Government suffered. The present Secretary feels the unpleasantness and impropriety of this state of things, and he recommends that taxation should be so reduced that the Secretary of the Treasury should no longer be the central figure in the money market and the Stock Exchange of New York.

It would seem that silently and almost imperceptibly the American public has to some extent been gradually coming round to see the absurdity of Protection, at least in its more extreme forms. Partly, no doubt, the mischief done to credit in the way we have just been explaining has helped to open the eyes of the country to the disadvantages of the present system, and partly, also, there is a general feeling that the manufactures of the United States are now strong enough to take care of themselves. It is further to be recollected that the West and the South have now a vast majority in the House of Representatives, and that the West and the South are really producers of the raw materials of manufactures. Their true interest, therefore, is in Free-trade. But there are other influences tending to make Protection less popular than it once was. The United States debt has been reduced so rapidly, and the charge it imposes upon the people has been so much more largely diminished, that it is no longer felt as a public burden. The total charge of the debt amounted at the beginning of July to no more than 14½ millions sterling, and it is being rapidly reduced. It is already, therefore, less than half the charge of our own debt. This great reduction in the burden has been effected partly by redemption of principal and partly by reduction of interest. The debt, originally bearing interest at 6 per cent., was step by step converted into Five per cent. bonds, Four and a half per cent. bonds, and Four per cent. bonds; and, more lately, the Five per cent. bonds were converted into Three and a half per cent. bonds, while a few months ago a part of the Three and a half per cent. bonds were again converted into Three per cents. The Secretary of the Treasury recommends, and the recommendation

is endorsed by the President, that the remaining Three and a half per cents. should be converted into Three per cents., which would effect a still further reduction in the charge. Of course the surplus of the current year will also be employed in redemption of principal. Thus the burden of the debt is becoming so light that it scarcely matters to the American public whether it continues as it is or is entirely wiped off, and when this has come to pass the desire for keeping up a large revenue is greatly weakened. In the meantime, if the redemption of the debt goes on at the present rate, it threatens very serious inconvenience. The National Banks were established by Mr. Chase mainly for the purpose of furnishing a market for United States bonds, and therefore he gave the banks the privilege of issuing notes on condition that they held as security for the notes \$100 of United States bonds for every \$90 of notes issued. Just, therefore, as our own banks have to hold gold against notes issued, the banks of the United States have to hold United States bonds. But if the United States bonds are all paid off, the banks must withdraw the whole of their notes, unless, of course, the banking law is changed. There is no desire, however, to change the banking law, and before the necessity for doing so would be generally recognized, the redemption of debt would so raise the prices of bonds that the banks would sell the bonds they now hold as security for their notes and withdraw the notes from circulation. By doing this they would contract the currency of the United States, would possibly produce a crisis in the money market, would certainly cause a serious fall of prices, and would inflict great injury upon all possessors of property. There is a strong desire, therefore, springing up that the debt should not be redeemed too quickly.

These are the motives leading to the demand for a reduction of taxation. In addition there is, of course, the usual feeling in favour of Free-trade; but we doubt whether that feeling would be strong enough to have effectively manifested itself if the other causes to which we have been adverting had not come into play. However, at the late elections there was a decided declaration of opinion in favour of reduced taxation. A large minority pledged to taxation for revenue purposes only was returned, and a Democratic majority was also elected which, professedly at least, is against the war taxation. This manifestation of popular opinion has had its weight with the President and the Secretary of the Treasury, who both recommend large reductions in the Customs duties and the internal revenue taxation. It has likewise had its weight with the Commission appointed last year to report upon the tariff. At that time the Republicans had a majority in both Houses of Congress, and they felt so sure of their own power that they thought they could stifle the demand for tariff reduction by appointing a Commission to waste time. The Commission, however, has apparently been convinced during its inquiries that the people really desire a reduction of the duties, and it reports therefore in favour of a very considerable reduction. According to the telegrams in the morning papers its recommendations would effect a reduction of from twenty to twenty-five per cent. all round. The old Congress will continue to sit until the 4th of March next, and it has obviously a very strong inducement to take into its own hands the reform of the tariff. In the first place, the Republican majority, which has always been protective, may naturally desire to make itself the changes now seen to be inevitable rather than to leave them to the new House, which may not be so careful of native industry. In the second place, the party managers must desire to earn for the party the credit of itself effecting reduction. Then the Republican party would be able to boast that it preserved the Union, remitted the war taxation, and practically paid off the debt; whereas if the Republicans do nothing in respect to the tariff, the Democrats in the next Session will be able to make sweeping reductions—at least the House will be able to make sweeping reductions—and will be in a position to go to the country at the Presidential election two years hence and represent itself as desiring to lighten the burdens on the people and to effect economy in administration. It is probable, therefore, that we may shortly see large reductions in the tariff of the United States. The Republican party, however, desires to distribute its favours equally over imported and home-grown commodities, and, though the larger part of the revenue is raised by means of Customs duties, a very large income is also raised by means of internal taxation. The majority of the party seems to be in favour of sweeping away all the internal taxation except the duties on spirits, beer, and tobacco. Some of the Republican leaders, however, desire to reduce the duties both upon spirits and tobacco. This would enable the party to leave considerable duties still chargeable upon imports. For, if the duties on spirits, tobacco, and beer were lowered, the reduction of import duties would be necessarily lessened. The fight will probably, therefore, take place over the question, How much is to be the reduction in the internal revenue taxation? Clearly some of the internal taxes ought to be abolished, such as those upon the National Banks. But it is obvious that before the duties upon mere luxuries are touched, those imposed upon the raw materials of industry, upon food, and upon machinery imported from abroad, should be entirely swept away. As regards the result of a great reduction of Customs duties, we are inclined to doubt whether it would benefit English trade to the degree expected. American manufactures have now attained such a development that the majority of them can hold their own against any competition, and the United States are so rich in

coal and iron that in these two branches particularly they ought to be able to compete with English manufacturers. To do so will of course need great cutting down of wages, and will cause much heart-burning and not a little distress; but in the long run it is not unlikely that the sweeping away of Customs duties may result in an enormous expansion of the foreign trade of the United States.

ELECTRIC AND GAS EXHIBITION AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

THE success of the Electric Exhibition at the Crystal Palace in the past late winter and early spring has induced the directors to arrange for another exhibition this winter; and, in order to give some novelty in the display, they have hit upon the happy device of opening a quasi-competition between electric lighting and gas. The exhibition has now taken shape, and purports to be a display of all relating to electric and to gas industries. As we have pointed out, the use of gas for illuminating purposes is already but a part of the industries connected with the distillation of coal, and a part which almost day by day grows relatively smaller and smaller as the other means of making money by this process grows in importance. Still, the use of gas as an illuminating agent must be a matter of great public importance for many years to come, and, in this exhibition, the public will have, at all events, some opportunities of judging of the more recent inventions for improvement in gas lighting. All other matters connected with the gas industry are also to be fully shown at Sydenham, and these other matters, roughly grouped under the term "by-products" in popular terminology, are those which assure the future prosperity of so-called "gas" Companies. The exhibition of electric lighting, as apart from other electric industries, includes the usual divisions of arc, semi-incandescent, and incandescent lights. These being the rough outlines of the new exhibition, we may now consider what its real use may be apart from its value as a means of earning money for the shareholders of the Crystal Palace Company. No doubt the greatest interest will centre in that half of the building allotted to gas; for, as far as we know, there has never before been an exhibition open to the general public in which every detail of the gas industry has been displayed, and perhaps by the very full representation of every instrument and process connected with every branch of the gas industry, which will be soon to be seen at the Crystal Palace, the public may be induced to act on personal judgment, and so help to get rid of the evil effects of financial operations which at present have had the effect of bringing really valuable and sound securities to a merely nominal price.

It is difficult as yet to prophesy much about the Sydenham display. The applications for space, as shown by the Catalogue, lead to the hope that this will be a very interesting exhibition; but now, as last year, there is a tendency to hang back on the part of the exhibitors, and it is by no means certain how far the promise of the Catalogue will be fulfilled. However, for the comfort of those who may wish to see the details of gas industry and some of the newest developments of electric-lighting systems, we may recall the experience of the early part of the year, when months passed over after the first advertised date of opening without much being shown; and yet, in spite of this delay, there were many weeks during which the exhibition was of the highest interest and of very great beauty. In the present case the exhibition was to have been opened in November, and the opening has been twice postponed. Warned by the difficulties experienced last year, when no date for a formal opening was fixed upon, the directors of the Crystal Palace Company this year arranged for an opening ceremony to take place, and fixed Wednesday last for the day on which the Lord Mayor was to declare the exhibition open. On that day, as might be expected, the gas part of the exhibition was by far the most advanced, though the electrical part was to some extent represented. Early in the day matters looked rather hopeless in both parts of the exhibition, but by the evening things were beginning to get into shape, and a very respectable display was ready when the Lord Mayor made his tour of inspection. The Crystal Palace has been divided into two parts. South of the Handel Orchestra is the Gas Exhibition, whilst to the north the space is devoted to electric appliances. As yet there are only two systems of arc lighting, one form of semi-incandescent lamp, and two forms of pure incandescent light shown. But it is probable that several of the newer systems of lighting will soon be represented. The much-discussed Forranti dynamo machine is entered, and may be looked for in a few days or weeks, and the Gülcher machine and lamp is also to be exhibited. The machine is said to be cheap and of high efficiency, whilst the lamp is reported to be simple, and to have the peculiar property of being able to burn in parallel arc without complication of the circuit; most arc lamps, as is well known, only behaving well when in series. Although the attempt to burn arc lamps in parallel arc would involve the use of very large and expensive leads; yet there are many circumstances under which the superior economy of this plan, combined with the complete independence of the lamps and the advantages of using currents produced by a low electro-motive force, would amply compensate for the increased cost of the conductors. The gas part of the new exhibition is already very full, and no doubt a few days will see the exhibits reduced to order. A Committee of the Gas Institute

have undertaken to arrange the lighting of the south nave. After some weeks of experimenting, they have placed lamps by Suggs, Bray, and Siemens in this part of the building. The effect is very brilliant; but, as shown on Wednesday night, it contrasted unfavourably with the lighting by arc electric lights at the last exhibition, not only in quantity, but also in even distribution of light; and, from the great number of gas lamps employed, it appears at first sight doubtful whether there is any gain in economy. Already there is a very full class of gas cooking and heating stoves, gas-heated baths, and other similar apparatus. Though as yet there are but few exhibits of electric lighting and transmission of energy, still the electrical part of the exhibition is even now by no means without interest, some systems of laying conductors, new forms of switches, and some electrical railway appliances, being already on view.

We pointed out last winter the advantages of holding such an exhibition at a time of year when the days are short, and the inconvenience which was felt in the spring months of having to wait until eight or nine o'clock before the lights were lighted. The directors of the Crystal Palace Company may be congratulated on the probability of this present exhibition being in working order soon enough to enable them to give the public some months of early lighting. There is only one point about the electrical part of this exhibition which is to be regretted—we refer to the large number of conspicuous stands at which electrical and magnetic nostrums for the cure of all diseases under the sun are exhibited. At the last exhibition all these objects were up in a gallery, where but few people saw them; but now they are boldly flaunting in the nave. It is, perhaps, a rather nice question of medical ethics whether it is justifiable to induce a patient to wear a pad of flannel or felt which may do him good by sewing a small magnet up in it, and preaching to him about auræ and electricity, the vital principle, &c.; but, however this point might be decided by a qualified medical man, the wholesale vending of such things by mere tradesmen is clearly not to be encouraged, particularly as it tends to throw discredit upon a new, progressive, and valuable branch of medicine—electrotherapeutics. Perhaps it may be urged that, at all events, these appliances can do no harm, and often do good, if not exactly in the way set forth by their proprietors; whilst great harm is often done by the pernicious race of quacks, who recklessly use strong currents without thinking of their direction, or who needlessly and harmfully irritate their dupes by unsparing application of the induced current from powerful induction coils; but, even if this plea be put forth, it is no excuse for wrongdoing that others do much worse. We do not intend to impute any blame to the management of the Crystal Palace in this matter. These things are entered in the "Medical" class, and we do not see how the directors are to exclude them; it must be for the public to make distinctions between the merits of the things exhibited, and it is to be hoped that the medical press will do their best to draw distinctions between instruments devised for the use of medical men and the class of exhibits to which we refer.

Leaving aside unpleasant topics, we have every hope that before very long there will be, if not so beautiful a display as that to be seen some months ago, at all events a very interesting and attractive exhibition at the Crystal Palace.

THE GROSVENOR GALLERY.

II.

ALTHOUGH some of Mr. Alma Tadema's finest works have gone to America, whence the oppressive "protection" laws made it impossible to obtain them on loan, the present exhibition contains a completely representative selection. In addition to the numerous examples of his early study, to which we drew attention last week, it has a full show of what he can do in the maturity of his powers. The pictures of this period divide themselves into three distinct classes. There is purely historical work, like the two pictures of the finding of the wretched Emperor Claudius after the murder of Caligula (32, 92), and the before and after "An Audience at Agrippa's" (63, 70). A second class may be formed from a number of works which, though they are not in any sense historical, as they tell no story or illustrate no episode, are yet archaeological, and aim to give us correct representations of the private and real life of the Romans of the Empire. The third class consists of what may be termed highly finished studies, chiefly of the nude, of which the best are the sleeping Bacchante (105), and the "Sculptor's Model" (83). I we add to these a few charming little landscapes, direct sketches from nature, and a few water-colours, we shall have accomplished a rough division, which will enable us to form some kind of estimate of Mr. Tadema's powers. The historical work is, on the whole, that with which, in all probability, least fault will be found by posterity. When we "assist" at a private view of the frieze of the Parthenon ("Phidias and the Elgin Marbles," 1868, No. 24), an instinctive feeling is awakened in our minds that, granting such a "private view" was offered to the Athenians, it must have been very like this. The truthfulness and care with which all the details are rendered commend themselves to our inner consciousness, and it is not till we have turned away that we can criticize. Then, perhaps, but not till then, a certain feeling of the absurdity of the whole thing may rise in our minds. Phidias, complacent and conceited, stands in front of his great

work. The visitors come to gaze at the great artist just as much as to look at the reliefs. And, as if to add both to the truthfulness and to the grotesqueness, if we may use such a word, of the situation, the light comes, not from above, but from below, and the legs of the figures are more prominent than their faces. The same "motive" in *chiaroscuro* is employed in "The Sculptor" (54), where a colossal head is being carved in marble, and the artist and his assistant are lighted from below and by reflection from the bluish whiteness of the stone. The picture of the discovery of Claudius behind a curtain (32) is also more or less serio-comic, but it is serio-comic in accordance with some of the highest rules of dramatic composition. The comedy of the situation is not too strong, while its horrors are not obtruded as they would be in a French picture. It cannot be denied that this is one of Mr. Tadema's greatest works, and the power of dramatic composition which is shown in it will make most critics wish for more of the same kind. Whether the general public cares for great historical pictures; whether, that is, people who buy such pictures are willing to hang them in private galleries, is another thing. Mr. Tadema is, perhaps, wise in spending more time and trouble over the pleasing little compositions, half antiquarian, half domestic, but wholly picturesque, of which the "Picture Gallery" (76) and a companion are the most important examples. A group of family portraits in "antic dress" is introduced into each of these pictures; and the variety of feature and expression adds greatly both to the naturalness and the pictorial effect. Modern artists are too fond of falling into the use of a single type of face, and the result is, of course, a displeasing sameness, and with it a loss of truthfulness. The great fault of these domestic interiors of Roman times is the absence of modern human interest. Mr. Tadema probably finds it harder to give this interest than to render his properties correctly. Here and there his failure is complete; but, on the other hand, where he succeeds, as in "Young Affections" (124), or "Hide and Seek" (120), his success is commensurately greater. A number of little studies of this kind forms the bulk of the collection. All are carefully thought out and studied, as may be seen by the elaborate water-colour drawing of a slave carrying towels, who is introduced as a minor figure in "The Bath" (127).

Of the studies which may be termed more strictly classical than even these Roman interiors, only three or four examples are in the exhibition. Of these, the most important is the "Sculptor's Model" (83), which is, in fact, the most conspicuous picture in the great room; and of which we have on former occasions expressed our admiration. Among works which rank at least as high as this in merit are the Sleeping Bacchante mentioned above and a little work termed "Tepidarium" (118). The Bacchante is in every way a magnificent picture. The drawing is extremely graceful. The colouring is conceived in a simple key, yet the tone is almost Venetian, and, above all, the figure is covered with a smooth, soft, shining, sunburnt, real skin—the "morbidezza," as Italians call it, is complete. In the "Tepidarium" we have a fairer complexion. Mr. Tadema shows that sunburnt brownness is not necessary to the surface texture, but that the same effect may be produced with the whitest skin. But in form this is not so pleasing as either the Model or the Bacchante. In finish, however, and in knowledge, in delicacy, and in the brilliancy and completeness of the harmonious colouring, it is a work of very high class—a work, in short, which, so far, has not been excelled by any of Mr. Tadema's brother Academicians. In forming a just estimate of the artist's work from this exhibition, the spectator finds himself dazzled by its elevated and even quality. At the same time he finds himself more inclined to look at pictures of one type than of another. He may wish for more of a high monumental character, whether historical or classical. He cannot deny that, owing to his power of high finish and of close imitation of texture, Mr. Tadema is tempted to turn aside from high art to mere properties. The reader who doubts this has only to compare "After the Audience" with its companion. It is difficult to understand at first sight how, of two pictures composed of almost exactly the same elements, one should be so interesting, the other so uninteresting.

When we turn to Mr. Lawson's landscapes, we find the tendency of the artist's mind reversed. The only pictures in which the landscape-painter attempts completeness of detail are still far from being highly finished works. "The Minister's Garden" has a somewhat spotty foreground, composed of hollyhocks and beehives; and the artist seems to have taken great pains, as some of the water-colour studies at the head of the staircase show us, to make these details correct. Yet somehow we feel that, though they are in the picture, they are not of it; and the eye wanders off to the green middle-distance and the blue distance, and traces the course of the great clouds across the sky without reference to the foreground. One curious picture, unfortunately skied, shows an almost pre-Raffaellite tendency to finish, but is not in any other respect—so far as we can see it—a pleasing work. Certainly the sacrifice of effect to detail was not a habit with Lawson, and we find ourselves over and over again wishing he had ever learnt to draw a bird flying or a cow grazing. Yet, with certain conspicuous exceptions, his human figures are quite up to the average of landscape art; as, for example, in the views of Cheyne Walk, where we have even a portrait of Carlyle. But it was not by suggestive figures, by high finish of detail, or any such things, that Lawson made his way to fame. We ventured to insist last week on the chief characteristic of this painter. His work must be judged as we judge of poetry. His pictures are in no sense coloured photographs. They arrest atten-

tion because they answer to some feeling, perhaps hitherto unexpressed, in our minds. They catch a rapidly passing phase of beauty, a movement, a gesture of nature, and fix it, but without killing it. Too many of the pictures we see at the present day show us nature as butterflies are shown in the museum. This was what Lawson strove to avoid, and he succeeded sometimes. Many of the pictures here are failures. The large landscape with two young girls in the foreground, and a somewhat impalpable bird to the left, called "The Voice of the Cuckoo" (176), is an example. But, on the other hand, every now and then we have a success; and such works as "The Valley of Desolation" (168), "The Cloud, Barden Moors" (163), "A Pause in the Storm, Sunset" (170), would form a new departure in English art, if we did not remember that they are a further development of the principles which Constable and Crome had already laid down, but which until now had never been fully carried out. It is impossible not to inquire whether Lawson's successes would have been more frequent, his failures rarer, if he had enjoyed academic training. Keats was not the worse as a poet for confining himself within laws of metre and rhythm. But a soaring genius might have been tied down; and we can now only regret that we are to have no more from the hand which gave us these "Passing Showers," these "Moonlight Memories," these stretches of dark woodland, these moorland hills, and valleys of golden harvest.

THE THEATRES.

FROM the chorus of praise sounded over the production at the St. James's Theatre of *Impulse* it might easily have been thought that practically a new and original dramatist—for the writer had previously been known only or chiefly as a collaborator in adaptation—had made his first appearance with a brilliant success. The piece is announced as "A New Play by B. C. Stephenson, founded on *La Maison du Mari*." Little or nothing was known at first, and naturally enough, of *La Maison du Mari*, and it was even hinted in one criticism that *La Maison du Mari* might be a mythical piece, just as in the reverse way it was hinted some time ago in the *Times* that Messrs. Grove and Merivale's play *Forget-Me-Not* was probably of French origin because it was so neatly constructed. In *Impulse* an English atmosphere is preserved with some degree of success, and therefore, as it would seem, the conclusion was arrived at that the piece was not likely to owe much to a French source. The assumption is a significant comment upon the knowledge and skill displayed by most professed adapters. Apart from any question of indebtedness, the merits of the play, to judge from several of the criticisms published upon it, were extraordinary. It was not merely "a good play in a hackneyed and conventional sense"—whatever that may mean. It had rest, it had fervour, it had nature, it stimulated the attention, the mind never wandered from its touching and true history—in short, it had as many qualities as were assigned by the lawyer's clerk in *Dupuis et Cotonet* to Romanticism, which he described as the starry infinite, the sober, the fiery, the full, the round, the diametrical, and so on, until Cotonet stopped him with, "This is the most horrible nonsense. It makes me sweat to listen to you." One critic who, like most of us, had then never heard of *La Maison du Mari* except in the playbill of *Impulse*, made a somewhat odd divergence to Heywood's *A Woman Killed with Kindness*, in which he found some points in common with *Impulse*, but went on, after speaking of the powerful dramatic interest of the first and second acts, to make a perfectly just, if somewhat understated, criticism in these words:—"But the plan and very essence of the story made it almost inevitable that the close of the second act should mark, so to say, flood-point in that current of the story which the French call *drame*." This, put into other words, means that the interest sinks after the second act; and we might go even a step further than this assertion. To this consideration, however, a return may presently be made. For the present it may be interesting to point out that the researches of one of our most studious critics have brought to light the history of *La Maison du Mari*, a play which was produced some time ago without success at a small Parisian theatre, and of which the lines are, it seems, closely enough followed by Mr. Stephenson. Whether from any point of view it was desirable for the adapter to give no clue to the origin of his piece beyond the line in the playbill, "founded on *La Maison du Mari*," is a somewhat wide question which we need not now discuss. The merits of the piece, without reference to this, and with regard to dramatic construction, may be judged from a brief abstract of its action.

The first act shows us the hall of Sir Henry Auckland's country house at Brakespeare. His two daughters, Mrs. Beresford, a widow, and Mrs. Macdonald, whose husband, Colonel Macdonald, is away at the Cape, are in the house. Mrs. Macdonald has been before her marriage in love with Victor de Riel, a young Frenchman, and has never been in love with her husband, from whom she has not heard for a considerable time. One of his friends in the regiment writes, just when she is hoping to hear from her husband, to say that Macdonald is well, but too busy to write himself. Now here is the first piece of absolute nonsense in the construction of the play. Macdonald's real reason for not writing is that he has been wounded, by no means dangerously, in the right arm; he is afraid of his wife being alarmed at the news; he makes press of business an excuse for not writing; and the whole household at Brakespeare back him up

in the stupidest and most improbable white lie ever told. Mrs. Macdonald, inclined already to yield to the renewed love protestations of Riel, finds an additional excuse for giving way to temptation in what she naturally takes for her husband's cold neglect, and, after a passionate scene with Riel, agrees to elope with him. He is to go by one route, she by another, and she is to meet him in his rooms at an inn not far off. She goes and leaves a letter for her sister, who reads it, and despatches Captain Crichton, an admirer of her own, to prevent the projected mischief if possible. Macdonald, having caught an earlier boat than had seemed possible to him, suddenly appears. He suspects something from the extremely lame excuses made for his wife's absence, learns from a mischief-making busybody that his wife has left a note for Mrs. Beresford, and proceeds actually to tear the note by main force out of Mrs. Beresford's keeping. Then news arrives that Sir Henry Auckland has been thrown by a vicious horse and is dangerously hurt. The second act passes in Riel's rooms at the Bell Inn. Riel is making preparations for his flight with Mrs. Macdonald, and gives his servant orders that he is not at home to anybody except a lady whom he is expecting. Crichton makes his way in, and keeps Riel in talk—much to Riel's disgust—until the arrival of a telegram. This telegram has been sent by Crichton in Mrs. Macdonald's name, changing the place of meeting to the railway station. Riel makes hurried excuses, and rushes off to the station; Mrs. Macdonald enters and finds Crichton, who presently leaves the stage clear for an interview between Macdonald and his wife. Macdonald, at its close, explains to her that she must return to his home, both to save scandal and to nurse her father, but not to his heart. In this scene there is a curious mistake, due, it may be, to the writer's want of appreciation of exactly what he should retain and what he should reject of the French original. The real point of the play is that Mrs. Macdonald is saved from what is technically called infidelity, and later on begins a new and devoted life with her husband. Yet the Colonel in this scene declares, with complete frankness, that he takes her to be Riel's mistress, and, so far as we could gather from the dialogue, leaves no loophole out of this conviction on his part. The situation apart from this is not a bad one, although it may have no startling novelty; but, once it is arrived at, what has to follow is tolerably obvious. The husband loves the wife; the wife has been saved, at any rate in the English play, from the worst consequences of her unsteadiness and folly, and will in time learn to love the husband. But it has seemed necessary to extend this conclusion to the play through three more acts, and in these three acts some curiously nonsensical things take place. Sir Henry Auckland and his daughters with Colonel Macdonald are in a hotel at Paris. While Mrs. Macdonald is alone in the room—having previously had her sympathies recalled to Riel by hearing from Crichton, who calls upon them, that Riel has been seriously ill—the Comte de Prinjan is announced. He turns out to be Riel, whose father's title to which he succeeds has oddly enough never been heard by any of his English friends. It is usually believed that the legitimate son of a French Comte de Prinjan bears his father's name, and is known to every one as the Vicomte de Prinjan, and not as M. de Riel. Supposing the situation reversed, with the son of an English peer living, in his own name, amongst French people, who, in spite of their intimacy with him, never learn his father's name, it might be easy enough for him to present himself after his succession to the peerage in a name which they would not recognize. As the incident stands, it seems to call for some sort of explanation; but it may certainly be allowed to pass, even if it involves a mistake, with far less comment than the things which follow upon it. In the first place, Prinjan terrifies Mrs. Macdonald into presenting him to her husband in the guise of a friend of whom the Colonel (who has never met Riel) has never heard before, by threatening to draw the Colonel into a deadly duel if she refuses. As the scene is represented, she has to choose between introducing the Comte de Prinjan and running the risk of his carrying out his braggart threat. There is, however, as a matter of fact, yet a third course open to her—to follow the example of Artemus Ward's prisoner, to perceive a door, and to walk out of it, leaving Prinjan to account for his presence as best he can. The curtain falls tamely enough upon the introduction. In the following act Mrs. Beresford, instead of doing what she most certainly would have done—cutting the knot by telling Macdonald, who by this time is entirely inclined to forgive his wife, the whole story of Riel's cowardly persecution—allows the deception of the Colonel to go on, and, by telling Crichton to deal with Riel, gives rise to one of the most telling scenes in the play. In this act the curtain falls, again tamely enough, upon Macdonald's learning by chance that Prinjan is only Riel in another name. In the last act, after complications not without ingenuity, Mrs. Macdonald is alarmed at being left alone in a *salon* in one of the largest hotels in Paris, and yet more alarmed at hearing footsteps in the passage—not, after all, a very surprising thing to hear in a large hotel. Riel enters by a balcony window—it never occurs to Mrs. Macdonald that a large hotel is not without resources fitted to meet such a case any more than it occurred to her to put the case at once in her husband's hands. Macdonald enters by another balcony window—we have the old and useful *fiatle* of his overhearing his wife's declaration of scorn for Riel and love for him—and all ends happily except for Riel, who is dismissed, somewhat tamely, with hopes for his reformation. It will be seen that in calling the last three acts nonsensical we scarcely went beyond the mark.

The piece is well mounted, and, with one important exception, on

the whole well acted. This exception is found in the part of Riel, which Mr. Dacre plays with a singular want of distinction, of skill, and of resemblance to a Frenchman. It is too improbable for stage purposes that such a Riel as this should establish any empire over even a silly woman. His bearing and speech lack interest and grace, and his attempts at inspiring terror seem fatuous. Miss Dietz, on the other hand, plays Mrs. Macdonald with distinction, and with something more than intelligent skill. Mrs. Gaston Murray acts as Miss Kilmore—a character introduced, it would seem, and written on good broad lines, by the English writer—with real humour. Mr. Wenman shows ease and force as Colonel Macdonald, but is wanting in emotional effect. He uses his voice on one deep trombone-like register, and is monotonous when he should be affecting. Mr. Beaumont makes Sir Henry a pleasant and natural figure enough; but the ring of his voice is in curious contrast to the appearance of age in his face. The great merit of the acting belongs to Mr. and Mrs. Kendal. Mrs. Kendal is as natural and attractive as might have been expected in a part of comedy touched with emotion. Her acting is, in a word, very good. Mr. Kendal makes a perhaps less expected and equally complete success as Captain Crichton, a part of pure and true comedy. He is throughout excellent, even when he has to say to Riel, "Give up these senseless projects"—words which Crichton would never have uttered. But he is especially good in his shy courtship of Mrs. Beresford, in his scene of confused talk to keep Riel engaged till the telegram comes, and in his subsequent scene of serious explanation with Riel. Both these scenes are played in the truest and finest spirit of comedy, and the last has a touch of force combined with humour which is striking enough. At one point Crichton loses his temper for a moment, and to a sneer of Riel's at his having learnt a parrot speech answers, "Parrot be damned!" and in a moment sees that he must keep cool and picks up his words. The thing was done with complete naturalness and fidelity. Again, at the end he says to Riel, always keeping his temper, "If you come back I'll break every bone in your body, and throw you out of window afterwards, dear boy"; and then, Riel having left the room with a challenge on his lips, goes up to a looking-glass on the mantelpiece and caresses his moustache in front of it. The amiable mixture of pluck, coolness, and fatuity was given with admirable skill. Captain Crichton's catchword "You *are*, don't you know, you *are*," used with great effect by Mr. Kendal, was used some years ago at the same theatre with equal effect in a version of *Les Trente Millions de Gladiator*, which met with no remarkable favour, by Mr. Charles Warner, who, as an apothecary's assistant, displayed remarkable comic force.

The performance at the Gaiety of *The Critic* is a curious illustration of what we said of this play with reference to *Iolanthe*. With very few exceptions the actors engaged in it have no conception of the fact which Mr. Gilbert has grasped and has instilled into his company, that true burlesque should be played with the utmost seriousness. *The Critic* has scenes of true comedy and scenes of true burlesque. The Gaiety company buffoons and caracoles through both in a manner which is calculated to fill any one who has ever read *The Critic*, or any one who has the slightest feeling for the art of acting, or any one who, unluckily for himself, has a smattering of both qualities, and happens to be present at this particular performance, with unequalled depression. Mr. Soutar, who plays the Beefeater, knows what ought to be done, and does it. Mr. E. J. Henley, who plays Sir Fretful and Sir Walter, knows what ought to be done, and gives in the first part a true touch of nature, as nature exists in artificial comedy; in the second, a true touch of the burlesque which Sheridan intended, and which is mostly swamped by senseless gag and horseplay. Some lines Mr. Monkhouse, as the Governor, gives in the right spirit. For the rest, the characters in the rehearsal scene are dull buffoons; Puff is a heavy Cheap Jack; Sneer has not a sneer; Dangle not an air, a grace, or an intelligent word. "Non ragioniam di lor." The play-bill bears an announcement from Mr. Hollingshead referring to the history of the Gaiety Theatre under his management, and written, after his manner, with a pleasantly cynical wit and humour. His last paragraph, regarding the dangers of fire and panic, is worth much attention; and the concluding sentence contains a sharp hit, which might with advantage have been put more seriously.

REVIEWS.

THE MERV OASIS.*

TO explorers in Central Asia Merv has hitherto been something of the problem which the sources of the Nile have been to explorers in Central Africa. It is true that there are one or two men living who can boast of having actually reached Merv years ago. But recently, from one cause or other, the most determined adventurer has been baffled in any attempt to reach the famous Oasis. And a Special Correspondent, who succeeded where others failed, could not rest contented with detailing his adventures in

* *The Merv Oasis: Travels and Adventures East of the Caspian during the years 1879-80-81; including Five Months' Residence among the Tekkes of Merv.* By Edmond O'Donovan, Special Correspondent of the "Daily News." With Portraits, Maps, and Facsimiles of State Documents. 2 vols. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1882.

dribblets though the journal to which he was accredited, but very naturally, put his correspondence into a more permanent shape. Mr. O'Donovan seems to have had most of the qualifications on which success depends. He has travelled in Europe and America. He is something of a sportsman, and is capable of enduring extreme fatigue on horseback and of putting up with the roughest accommodation and the coarsest fare. Though not a learned Orientalist, he has been long enough in Turkistan to acquire a good colloquial knowledge of Jajatai Turki, and to dispense with interpreters. He is less familiar with Persian, and, if he has caught the Turkish pronunciation, he has failed in the transliteration of several well-known Persian words. Doubtless an Akhal Tekke appeared to say *pihambar*, when the correct spelling is *paighambar*, or prophet. *Dash* for *Dasht*, a plain, occurs very often; and *takderavan*, a travelling litter, should be *takht-i-ravan*; while *booroo*, "get away," is obviously an Irishism for *ba-rau* or *ba-ro*. So, again, *balahane* is properly *Bala-khanah*. But the interest of these volumes lies not in philology; and the literary merits of the performance, which are by no means inconsiderable, are soon forgotten in the admiration excited by the fertility of resource, the resolute contempt of danger, and the intelligent observation displayed by the author during three years of varied and eventful travel. Mr. O'Donovan apologizes for relating his experiences on the east of the Caspian and at Teheran and Meshed. These are contained in the first volume, and, though dealing with tribes and places about which a good deal is already known, they make an excellent introduction to the second volume, which is entirely taken up with Merv itself—how the author got there; how, instead of having his throat cut, he was promoted to high honour; and how, with the consent of the national assembly, he finally was escorted back again in safety. There are other praiseworthy features about this book. We find no quotations from the writings of previous travellers, and no sneers at their failures and mistakes. Political disquisitions are purposely kept back; and, while we can only guess at the author's opinions as to the best mode of resisting Russian encroachment, we can safely say that for some time to come these volumes, or the second of them, will be the text-book for all eager disputants about Merv, Sarakhs, and the possibilities of feeding large armaments in the desert, as well as of making railways whether for strategy or commerce. Readers must not be surprised if the author repeats phrases, or dwells on his trials, or on what Mr. Squeers called "visitations," of which, said that philosopher, the world is "chock full." The scenery was often dreary. The life was monotonous. The plagues of flies, mosquitoes, scorpions, dust storms, were enough to try the stoutest frame. The curiosity of the inhabitants of *kibitkas* or round huts of felt, was never satisfied. After miserable and sleepless nights, the author had neither rest nor privacy during the day. He could hardly snatch a moment to write down his memoranda, and was exposed to a constant fire of the most stupid remarks and the silliest and yet most perplexing questions. The food was often detestable, though *koumiss* (mare's milk) and *yaourt*—the latter, as we can testify, a delicious sour curd—were palatable. Mr. O'Donovan had to make long marches on bread baked on a girdle, country arrack of the vilest brand, copious draughts of weak green tea without milk or sugar, and mutton broth almost uneatable from masses of green and over-kept fat. Most Orientals understand something about cookery, though apt to flavour their dishes too highly with garlic, cinnamon, or spice. But these Turcomans make long fasts and then gorge themselves to repletion on greasy and repulsive messes, at which a Hindu or an Indian Mahomedan of the lowest caste or rank would turn up his nose.

But it is necessary to give some idea of Mr. O'Donovan's plan of operations, and of the circumstances which compelled him to abandon the society of Russian officers for that of Khans and Mullahs. From Trebizond, *via* Batoum and Poti, to Baku is a well-known route. Of the latter place and its oil, and of the *astakhi*, or residuum of the oil, now largely used for fuel on steamers, there is a graphic account. We are also told a good deal about the eastern shore of the Caspian, and about the bad anchorage of Chishkishlar, now almost abandoned for the deep water and sheltered anchorage of Krasnovodsk. The freaks of the Caspian are curious. Sometimes a strong wind carries the brackish water for miles inland on the eastern shore, and with it quantities of fish of the carp kind, which, after supplying the demands of men, vultures, and animals, are trampled to death by horses and riders, and are left to rot in the sun in scores and hundreds. Ducks, wild boars, waders, and sand-grouse abounded in some places, and partridges and pheasants in others. These latter were often put up twice, and then ridden down by horsemen and caught with the hand. For some time matters seemed to be on a satisfactory footing, and Mr. O'Donovan was permitted to accompany Cossacks and colonels, to admire the vigour of Russian discipline, to hear Russian officers express a candid opinion about the proper limits of the Persian Empire, to visit the outpost of Chatte, to see the preparations for repelling a Turcoman raid, and even to indulge hopes of accompanying the expedition directed against the stronghold of Geok Tepe. But somehow Russian commanders gradually became doubtful of the expediency of allowing the sharp eye of the Special Correspondent to see, and his facile pen to describe, either the strength or the weakness of Muscovite expeditions. So, after once being threatened with a winter at Baku, on the opposite shore, Mr. O'Donovan was given plainly to understand that he must forthwith leave the camp. From the commander's point of view we quite discern the propriety of this decision.

Mr. O'Donovan had every quality which would make him to military autocrats a most undesirable companion, and we can no more fancy him describing the Russian advance on Geok Tepe than we could conceive General Roberts allowing a Correspondent from St. Petersburg to describe the relief of Candahar. But the author was not to be deterred. He rode off to Asterabad, and, by Resht and Enzeli, proceeded to Teheran. Thence, fortified with a written permission from the Shah's Minister and introductions to divers local magnates, he started along the northern provinces of the Persian Empire, on what, no doubt, appeared to every Englishman, Russian, and Persian at the capital a very mad and hare-brained attempt to reach the Merv Oasis. How he went, by Shahrud, Sabzwar, and Kuchan, to Meshed; how he came in for the animating spectacle of a free fight between Shias and Sunnis at the latter place; and how he had opportunities of observing the decay, decrepitude, and hopelessness of Persian administration in almost every department, is excellently told. Whether the Russian authorities were aware that a Special Correspondent was hovering, as it were, on their flanks is not quite clear; but Mr. O'Donovan traversed the territory of the Khan of Dergeez; visited its capital, Mohammedabad; and, passing along the Atak or outlying district on the edge of the plain that stretches away to Khiva, actually got a distant view of Geok Tepe at the very moment of the Russian attack. It was about this time that he met Colonel Stewart, and failed to penetrate his clever disguise of an Armenian trader.

After this point begins the main interest of the ride to Merv. Getting rid of an intrusive Russian agent, who was giving orders as if the whole country belonged to him, and eluding the vigilance of Khans, Cossacks, and raiders, Mr. O'Donovan rode straight across the desert and scarcely drew the rein till he saw the mists rising over the huts of Merv. This bold course, though it might have ended fatally, was crowned with success. The author very wisely appeared in his ordinary riding-dress, and made no attempt to pass himself off as an Oriental; but there is no doubt that he ran a very serious risk. However, when he had lived over the first day without being cut down as a Russian spy in disguise, his nationality was established by the asseverations of a Kurd servant, appeals to the British Agent at Meshed, the partial interposition of Tokmè Sirdar the leader of the Akhal Tekkes, and one or two other fortunate coincidences. And when the entire population had spent hours and days in scanning the obtrusive foreigner from head to foot, seeing him wash his hands and comb his hair, asking strings of questions, and propounding absurd arguments about his country and birth, the popular feeling took a favourable turn, and it was the settled belief that this mysterious stranger was an Englishman backed by the whole wealth and forces of the only Power thought capable of putting a check on Russian aggrandizement. It turned out, or rather it was remembered, that Kadjar Khan, then *de facto* ruler of Merv, had no hereditary right to that position. After some discussion he was deposed, and two hereditary Khans, Aman Niaz and Baba Khan, were invested with power, Mr. O'Donovan himself being associated with them as member of one of the most extraordinary triumvirates ever recorded in history. He did his best to explain that he represented, not the British Government but only the British public, and that an administration living by raids and robberies was not a thing on which any Englishman could look with favour. We question, however, whether the inhabitants of Merv were capable of drawing Mr. Gladstone's subtle and touching distinctions between an *agente* in the Italian and an agent in the English sense of the term; but anyhow, Mr. O'Donovan was accepted by the *maglis*, or General Council of the nation. The remainder of an eventful day was given up to games and feasting; presents were exchanged between the members of the triumvirate; immense quantities of arrack, green tea, fat mutton, and greasy soup were consumed; it was conceded that caravans ought, in theory at least, no longer to be plundered, and that inland Customs should be levied on a new and improved tariff. An unlucky Russian prisoner named Kidaieff was eventually released at the earnest intercession of the author, who, we are bound to say, under the most trying and exceptional circumstances, seems to have exhibited skill, candour, honesty of purpose, sound judgment, and courage. Naturally, this unexpected elevation was not without its perplexities. The Mervlis—for so the inhabitants are termed—wanted to hoist the union jack. The Turcoman horses were to be branded with V.R. and the English crown. The belief in English prestige and invincibility rose to an incredible pitch. Mr. O'Donovan, though never allowed an hour's privacy and still jealously watched as a very precious hostage and as a pillar of the State, was allowed to visit the country houses of his colleagues, rode freely about the country, and had good opportunities of judging of its capacities and resources. It must be admitted that Merv is not quite the miserable station in the desert which it has been described from hearsay. A good-sized area is watered by two large canals and by innumerable cuts and trenches. Fields of corn and of the castor-oil plant were succeeded by vineyards and gardens of apricots and peaches. There were rich crops of clover and barley, and several varieties of the grape. In many of the villages oil-mills were at work, and a bazaar held once a week at the old fort of Kuraid Khan was thronged by 6,000 or 8,000 traders. Most of them were residents; but men came from Khiva and Bokhara, and occasionally from Meshed. The chief articles of sale and consumption were corn and fruits, cheese and curds, meat, game of various kinds, from the hare and the partridge to the antelope and the wild ass, tobacco and snuff, and coarse silk, cotton, Russian calico,

and Chinese ware. Russian rifles and Russian leather were also to be had. But the commonest provisions were "horribly dear"; tea at eight shillings a pound, sugar at one shilling and eightpence, and horses at not less than 30*l.* a piece, or sometimes double that amount. Prompt and summary justice was administered to offenders on these occasions. Young men who refused to give the customary four days' labour at the fortifications were pilloried in the hot sun without any covering to their heads; thieves were tied to a stake; and though in the Merv constitution public measures are discussed and decided in a general assembly, the power of the Khan as an executive officer seems to be supreme and despotic. Sometimes the stick was used freely, and at intervals the chiefs and their followers indulged in a mock raid to keep their hands in, by way of practice; shots were taken at any object, and horsemen charged in joke on unsuspecting villagers with their goods and asses, and sent them flying in all directions. It is fair to state, however, that, barring these forays, sham and real, which are looked on as legitimate modes of livelihood, the Mervli are not given to cruelty, except perhaps in the treatment of their captives. They are covetous and greedy, but show a good deal of humour, and they appear to have been really in earnest and to have acted in good faith when they accepted Mr. O'Donovan as the representative of "British Interests" and offered allegiance to the British Crown.

Though the author found it difficult to escape unfriendly criticism when his companions said their prayers and visited shrines, and though he was pressed to become a Mahomedan, he could not remain for ever at Merv. It was necessary to find some decent pretext for getting away before the news arrived of the evacuation of Kandahar, and this, after considerable delay, was effected through our Minister at Teheran, who summoned the author to Persia in order, as he put it, to supply the English Government with the results of his novel experience. With a diplomacy which we cannot condemn, Mr. O'Donovan invented a meeting of ambassadors of the different European States as convened at Meshed for the purpose of deciding on the new frontier. It should be mentioned that an offer of the Shah's Ministers to take Merv under Persian protection had been prudently declined. After repeated excuses, expostulations, delays, and objections, this resolute Englishman was escorted back to Meshed in July and August 1881. His route over cultivated land, stony plains, and mountain passes brought him at one time in sight of Sarakhs on the horizon, and he estimates the height of the mountain pass or boundary of Persian territory called Tandarra—we suspect it might be Tang-i-darra—at only three thousand feet. Once at Meshed, it was easy to send back the remnant of his escort to Merv, with the explanation that the imaginary meeting of the ambassadors had been altered from Meshed to Teheran. By this time fatigue, excitement, and anxiety had told upon the author, and he was prostrated by fever; but, with care and attention, he was enabled to return to Europe at the close of the year.

There is an immense deal in these two volumes on which we can barely touch. The anecdotes of Eastern craft, ignorance, and credulity are always amusing. The descriptions of life and manners are graphic; and Mr. O'Donovan has a good eye for the colours—ochre, yellow, and red—of the landscape, as well as for the costumes of the raider and the merchant. His descriptions of ruined forts, mosques, tombs, and buildings of which the origin and use have perished, agreeably diversify his remarks on men. We have refrained from introducing political matter into the review of a book from which the author purposely excludes controversial politics. We cannot think that Merv, with its water-supply and its fields of clover and barley, would ever support half a million of inhabitants, as we have heard it gravely stated. But it is in the highest degree improbable that Russian emissaries will ever rest contented till they have followed in the steps of this adventurous Englishman. If his pages excite emulation in the breasts of commanders of Cossacks, they also indicate how, by a little plain speaking on the part of our Foreign Minister and by the judicious encouragement of independent Khans, that restless spirit might, for a time at least, be checked.

THE FAMILY OF GEORGE III.*

MR. PERCY FITZGERALD has used such extreme frankness in enlightening the world as to his own theory and practice of book-making that the critic, though scarcely conciliated, may be said to be in part disarmed. Mr. Fitzgerald's ideal of books, and his view of the motives and rules of action which should guide the writer of books, lie on such a different plane from those of any critic who has even decent pretensions to the name, that he cannot very well direct his artillery at them. Nevertheless there are certain general rules to which any book, merely as a book, is bound to conform, and it is possible to try *The Royal Dukes and Princesses of the Family of George III.* by these. The very title might be made the subject of a sermon. We may let "Princesses" alone, for, whatever may be the strict historical congruity of that description of the daughters of a king, it has at least the defence of considerable length of usage. But the introduction of "Royal Duke" (we feel almost inclined to write it "royalduke") as a new class name for a king's sons is a most

curious and startling innovation. It is certainly true that the brothers and sons of George III. were sooner or later dukes, and that by the loose usage of the last century or two they might then be called Royal Dukes. But by Mr. Fitzgerald's own showing the rank of Duke was not conferred, on some of them at least, until comparatively late in life. Yet from his title it would naturally be supposed that the proper description of a birth in the Royal family would be "On the —th Her Majesty (or her Royal Highness So-and-so) of a royalduke." Such a title can hardly be said to be anything but an evidence of, to say the least, an extremely slovenly habit of mind.

We should be glad to be able to say that the body of the book removes the impression which the title has created. But that is unfortunately impossible. In the first place, the system of composition is, to put it mildly, peculiar. The greater part of Mr. Fitzgerald's volumes consists of simple extracts from other books, quite honestly marked with inverted commas, but seldom authenticated by a proper reference to chapter and verse. We hardly remember an instance of such a singular mosaic of snippings and cuttings. Not merely the Harcourt Papers (which are not generally known), and some unpublished letters in the British Museum which are hardly known at all, but huge cantles of Mme. D'Arbly, Wrexall, Greville, Miss Knight, Mrs. Trench, Horace Walpole, and all the best known memoirs of the last half of the last century and the early part of this, are "imbedded and injellied" by Mr. Fitzgerald in this resurrection-pie of his. It has been said that this is done with perfect honesty and without the least savour of plagiarism, but surely Mr. Fitzgerald had better have called his book at once an anthology, and saved himself the trouble (which to some people would have been greater and more irksome than that of writing an original book) of cobbling and tacking together these shreds and patches. In close connexion with, and almost as a necessary consequence of, this strange system of composition is a deficiency of method which surpasses experience and almost transcends belief. Mr. Fitzgerald's course of narrative appears to have been determined solely by the chance of one book or another being handiest for the scissors. In the first volume, especially, the bewildered reader dodges about among Princesses and Royal Dukes till he feels as if these august personages were playing Blind Man's Buff with him, he being chosen Blind Man *en permanence*. The account of the Princess Amelia begins with a description of her last illness, and while Book the First and Book the Third deal (as far as they deal with anything in particular) with the King's daughters, there is sandwiched between them in the strangest fashion Book the Second, which deals with his sisters and brothers. The Royal Dukes in the second volume (more fortunate than their sisters, their cousins, and their aunts) enjoy something like individual treatment. But even here Mr. Fitzgerald's incurable want of method displays itself by the singular proceeding of taking the Duke of Sussex before the Duke of York. A book thus devoid of anything like plan in its main parts, and with the parts of those parts still more inextricably huddled and tangled, recalls vividly certain denunciations of a deceased friend of Mr. Fitzgerald's. If ever the materials of a history were "flung down in one waste howling heap" for the reader to sort and make the best of, the materials of this book have had that fate.

These are heavy charges enough in all conscience, but we have not nearly done with Mr. Fitzgerald. We could without much difficulty have forgiven him his cuttings from writers who are interesting enough in themselves. We could with less ease have pardoned, after sufficient castigation, his desultoriness and lack of method. But what is unpardonable—what amounts to something very like an insult to the public—is the astonishing slovenliness of his style, and the yet more astonishing inaccuracy of statements which, not being guarded by inverted commas, must be taken to be his. Of the latter the following may serve for examples. "In 1799," he tells us, "he [the Duke of York] again took the field in the unlucky and disastrous Walcheren expedition." The literal and not merely the metaphorical schoolboy ought to know that the Walcheren expedition took place in 1809, not 1799, and that the Duke of York did not take the field in it at all. Mr. Fitzgerald, of course, means the expedition to the Helder. He informs us that "Berryer, the great advocate," in his "Souvenirs, which stretch from 1774 to 1838, was concerned in this unfortunate transaction, and recalled some of the incidents." The unfortunate transaction is the affair of the Princes' bonds negotiated in Paris in 1790. No ordinary reader from this sentence could fail to infer that Berryer "remembered" things that happened in 1774, and that he had something to do with the actual proceedings of 1790. As a matter of fact, Berryer was born in that very year. This, however, is probably not so much a blunder in fact as one of Mr. Fitzgerald's habitual carelessnesses of style. The same charitable excuse cannot be made for his repeated description of the Duchess of York as "the great Frederick's" daughter, and his quotation of what "the great Frederick" said to her on her marriage. For we certainly should have thought it sufficiently notorious that "the great Frederick" had no children, and that he died before 1791. As a matter of fact, of course, the Duchess was the daughter of his successor, Frederick William II. The statement that "the nomination of the Bishop of Gibraltar rests alternately with the Kings of England and Prussia" is a highly characteristic example, not merely of ignorance, but of thoughtlessness. The alternate nomination of the Bishop of Jerusalem, however anomalous and inconvenient ecclesiastically, is politically intelligible. But a moment's thought might, one would

* *The Royal Dukes and Princesses of the Family of George III.* 2 vols. London: Tinsley Brothers. 1882.

have supposed, have shown the most ignorant man that a foreign prince was not very likely to be allowed to nominate to a position in the most exclusively and purely military dependency of Great Britain. On one page we read that the Duke of Kent was born in 1767. We turn the next, and Mr. Fitzgerald informs us that he was eighteen in 1788. The author tells us that "Mr. Vernon, Lord Harcourt's brother," became "Archbishop of Canterbury." We should have thought that Archbishop Vernon Harcourt's tenure of the Archbishopric of York, as almost the last instance of prelatial magnificence in England, might have been known to any one who meddled with the history of the time. But the climax of inaccuracy, or muddle, or clumsiness of style, is reached in the following passage:—

There was a signal difference, however, between the behaviour of the two brothers. The Duke of Cumberland and his wife openly set up against the Court, and, as it were, defied his majesty. It will be seen that the Duchess of Gloucester showed more amiability and tact. So angry was the king, that in February, 1772, he sent a message to the Houses, introducing the well-known Royal Marriage Act, which indeed seemed to be called for by the number of clandestine marriages with subjects in which the numerous branches of the family were to indulge themselves. Of these, within a very few years, no less than six were believed to have taken place—viz. that of the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Sussex with Lady Augusta Murray, those of the Dukes of Gloucester and Cumberland, and the two princesses, daughters of the king, who it is almost established were secretly married.

Here, if words mean anything, Mr. Fitzgerald asserts that the clandestine marriages of the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Sussex, and the two Princesses took place before 1772. It is sufficient to remind the reader that in that year the eldest of the four was eleven years old. Of course Mr. Fitzgerald knows this, but that does not matter.

Of his style, pure and simple, the following handful of gems will suffice:—"That six such young and unattractive women (with the exception of the Princess Royal) have been studiously kept till they had grown elderly without any attempt at arranging marriages for them was extraordinary." "There were heroic Dukes of Brunswick, whose careers were chivalrous, with whom many have been become acquainted through the aid of Mr. Millais' well-known picture of 'The Black Brunswicker.'" "Knowing the despotic character of the King, who exercised a family authority that was quite German, as well as a *despotism* that could make itself felt by social penalties of the most *despotic* nature." "During the progress of the picture, he *alike* discoursed in a very natural way on many topics." "This curious contribution to literature, and so intimately connected with Her Majesty, is not now to be procured." Finally, a small instance nearly as characteristic of Mr. Fitzgerald as the Gibraltar matter may close the list:—"It is remarkable that when a tutor was being selected for him at Oxford, the first choice made was the present Cardinal Newman. He was, however, found to be two years over the prescribed age." He adds in a note, "This story is told in Canon Mozley's lately published *Recollections*." The blunder about "Canon" Mozley is symptomatic in itself. But the blunder of "two years over" for "two years under" is still more so. Intrinsically, of course, it is absolutely trivial. But a man who had or used the most rudimentary powers of reflection might have been expected to say to himself, "It is odd that a man, unless in his dotage, should be rejected for a tutorship for being too old—it surely must be too young"; and then he would have looked again to make sure, and would have set himself right. Besides the point of the anecdote, the words, "Get away, *you boy*, I don't want you," must have tempted reflection. But this is evidently not Mr. Fitzgerald's way of proceeding. Collect a sufficient quantity of matter to make two volumes, pitchfork it into them without arrangement, verification, or even decent revision of the text—that is his simple rule.

It is fair (though perhaps not strictly necessary) to say that Mr. Fitzgerald's volumes are by no means unamusing. It would be very odd if they had been, considering the materials of which, at least in great part, they are composed. Of those materials, moreover, the Harcourt Papers, at least, are sure to be new to nearly all readers, and there is much in them that is both amusing and interesting, such as the clumsy jokes of the good King, Queen Charlotte's unceasing economy, and the lively letters of the Princesses, who seem to have been always hungry. One of them describes with immense relish a "sandwich" which she ate before breakfast, and on another occasion there is a pathetic account of a cake which was put in the carriage, and at the very moment when their Royal Highnesses were going to attack it was pronounced sacred to "Mama." Princess Elizabeth's letter on this last occasion is so touching that it really must be given:—

TO LADY HARCOURT.

Windsor, October 3rd, 1792.

... Anything so disgusting as the breakfast at Woodgate's inn, on the way from Weymouth, I thank God I never saw before, and never wish to see again—bad butter, Tea, Coffee, bread, etc.; nothing to touch but boiled eggs, which were so hard that I could not eat them. So I returned to the carriage just as I got out, starved. However, having wisely followed Sir Francis Wronghead's ways, & had a large Plumb Cake put up as *Stowage for the Stomach*, I rejoiced much at the thought of seizing this when I got back to the Coach; but the moment I had prepared myself in Battle array, with a knife in my hand to begin the massacre, they told me it was for Mama, so my knife returned innocent to my Pocket.

As I was not allowed to eat, I determined, like a true woman, to talk. Lord Harcourt & you served as our constant topic; & we all agreed how sorry we were to have quitted you. When the conversation runs on the subject of those one truly loves, all unpleasant remembrances are at

an end; so I forgot my hunger, & you served me as a Breakfast. I was then, you perceive, satisfied, & got through Salisbury, Andover, & Overton vastly well, & very much contented to get to Hartford Bridge, where our dinner quite made up for our Breakfast; for I never eat a better anywhere. The Bottle went round as on board our dear Juno; & the first toast was to all our friends we had quitted, and then to the Juno; so that none were forgot: in short, our journey went off as well as possible, & we arrived here at a quarter after six. But you may tell my good friend, Lord Harcourt, that we have not left the noise of Wind at Weymouth, for it has been louder here than I can express. However, I rely upon your dutiful Affection as a Wife, to tell his Lordship this with all proper precaution, for fear that it might hurt him to think that I did not find Windsor Paradise. The evening of our arrival a good Dish of Coffee set us up; and we were able to have the Cardigans, Harringtons, & Lord Cathcart, and set down, *come a l'ordinaire*, to Cards. P^r Royal (God bless her) went to Bed, though she slept the best part of the time in the Coach, so did my younger Sisters; but Augusta and me, the two *Irons* of the Family, had each our party. . . . Mama has ordered my younger Sisters to stay at home to-day, they cough so; but otherwise every body is well. We began going to Chaple this morning; it must be wholesome, it is so disagreeable. However, this is a life of trials, God knows it is, so I hope to be rewarded in the next. By-the-bye, I forgot to tell you that I had the unspeakable satisfaction of seeing Her Grace of B—n, The Grace that invited you to visit her when you began your journey. She was driving her sisters in the open chaise; & made me one of those bewitching Curtsis that have so often attracted the notice of your Lord. Her leg we saw at the back of her Phaeton; & I immediately rejoiced at having met Her, knowing what pleasure it would give L^d Harcourt, who I am always happy to please. . . .

Your Affectionate,

ELIZA.

This extract being likely to leave the reader in better charity with Mr. Fitzgerald than anything that we could say about his book, we shall allow it to conclude this review, with a simple expression of amazement that a man who evidently has a real interest both in history and literature, and who has expressly informed the world that writing is not in the least a necessary breadwinner with him, can bring himself to put forth such a production.

GEIKIE'S TEXT-BOOK OF GEOLOGY.*

THE *Text-Book of Geology* for which we have to thank the lately appointed Director-General of the Geological Survey of Great Britain and Ireland entitles the author to the foremost place in the literature of the science of which his past and present functions towards the public constitute him in a sense the official head. For width of conception and grasp of subject, as well as for scientific truth and exactitude of detail, nothing has been seen like it since the classic series of Sir Charles Lyell's compilations, and it may be regarded as the most recent equivalent of that distinguished writer's survey of all that is known of the past and present of our earth. Expanded in great measure from the article on Geology in the new *Encyclopædia Britannica*, the book seeks to give the student a firm grasp of the general principles of science, at the same time that it renders him familiar with the special facts in every department of knowledge which recent research has brought together, of which facts he is enabled in turn to see the bearing upon the primary and pervading laws of the science itself. Meeting the charge of a certain degree of insularity inherent in the scientific method of Great Britain, the author has sought to widen the vision of the student by introducing him to types and illustrations other than those to be drawn from one limited group of islands. Comparatively few of us, he acknowledges, have any adequate conception of the simplicity and grandeur of the examples by which the principles of the science have been enforced on the other side of the Atlantic. Whilst conscious, then, that in a text-book for use in Britain the illustrations must obviously be in the first place British—a truth being much more vividly enforced by an example in nature near at hand than by one brought from a distance—Dr. Geikie's pages will amply attest the pains he has been at to make his survey co-extensive with nature herself, and to lay under contribution the labours of fellow-workers in the same field, both across the Atlantic and on the Continent of Europe. Including in the domain of geology whatever extends our knowledge of the former condition of the earth, he is prepared to admit every ray of light that has been shed by the sister sciences—astronomy, physics, and chemistry—upon the earlier stages of the world's growth. What has been achieved by the telescope, the spectroscope, and the chemical laboratory will be brought in to elucidate as well the structure and history of our planet as its relations to the solar system at large.

The first of the six books into which Dr. Geikie's work is divided treats accordingly of the cosmical aspects of geology. Recent science tends to give probability to the conception first outlined by Kant, that not in our own solar system alone, but throughout space, there has been a common plan of evolution, the matter which takes the form of nebulae, stars, and planets being substantially the same as that with which we are familiar. And not only in its substance does our planet own identity with bodies so remote and so varying in aspect, but in its motions and in its geological formation it has been from the first subject to their influence. It is in consequence of its angular momentum at its original separation that the earth rotates upon its axis, the rate of rotation having been

* *Text Book of Geology*. By Archibald Geikie, LL.D., F.R.S., Director-General of the Geological Survey of Great Britain and Ireland, &c. With Illustrations. London: Macmillan & Co. 1882.

originally far more rapid than it now is. Under this influence our globe assumed its spheroidal form, and to it are largely due the currents of air and water which make up the varying climates of the earth. The limits of change in the obliquity of the ecliptic, as well as in the stability of the earth's axis, are touched upon in our author's necessarily brief summary, the latest conclusions of mathematicians and physicists being clearly laid down. Mr. George Darwin's analysis has shown that, on the hypothesis of the earth's complete rigidity, no change of distribution in land and water could ever shift the pole more than 3° ; but, with a modified rigidity compatible with a readjustment of equilibrium, the pole may have wandered to the extent of 10° or 15° . Yet under the most favourable conditions no possible deviation could have been such as to bring about the changes of climate which are locally traceable upon the earth. Changes in the earth's centre of gravity, variously calculated by Mr. Croll, Mr. Heath, Archdeacon Pratt, and others, may have had an effect upon the sea-level, but are not to be taken to explain the raised beaches or sea-levels which form other proofs of local change. The attractive influences of the sun and moon on the geological condition of the earth are among the most engaging subjects of recent speculation. Mr. George Darwin, in investigating the bodily tides of viscous spheroids, has shown it to be likely that geological action, both internal and external, has been greatly more gigantic and rapid than it now is. The degree of viscosity of the earth, giving it an elasticity about equivalent to that of steel, would involve a tidal expansion of the planet's figure, besides a chronic diminishing of its ellipticity. The oceanic tides must have been also proportionally modified; the more rapid alternation of day and night, and the quicker rotation of the earth, would tend to intensify the violence of storms, trade winds, and ocean currents. On the other hand, it must be admitted that the geological record shows little trace of superficial action having been so vastly greater than at present; so that the period of violent change would seem to be thrown back over the 57,000,000 years to which Mr. Darwin's hypothesis would extend geological history. Dr. Geikie, we may presume, on summing up these ingenious and attractive speculations, had not yet come upon the startling hypothesis of the Astronomer-Royal for Ireland, Professor R. S. Ball, who, conceiving the moon's attraction to vary inversely as the cube, instead of the square, of her distance, as supposed to have been settled by Newton, raises the modest figure of three or so feet, at which Mr. G. Darwin places the augmentation of diurnal tide due to the greater proximity of the moon, to " $6 \times 6 \times 6$ fold" the existing average height of three feet. The result is the "sublime spectacle" of a tide rising and falling 648 feet twice if not three or more times a day, a "stupendous tidal grinding engine" for wearing away the Laurentian and Silurian rocks. The strange thing is that no trace of this amazing tidal scorer, which would by turns have submerged all but a few peaks of the British Islands and have laid dry an area from Iceland to Norway, is to be seen upon the face of the rocks themselves, whilst it would have utterly precluded the quiet process of the stratification of ocean deposits. Brilliant as the theory is, we cannot wonder at its gaining slow reception among the more prosaic circle of students of science, albeit flashed upon the world, like the Great Pyramid craze and the Pleiades crotchet, from behind the aegis of official authority.

The second book is occupied with Geognosy, or the investigation of the materials of the earth's substance, with its envelopes of atmosphere and water, both of which represent but a small portion of the original gaseous masses with which the globe was invested. Fully half of the outer shell or crust of the earth consists of oxygen, absorbed from the atmosphere. Of the ocean a third or so is estimated to have been likewise absorbed, the earth in the course of time seeming destined to share the condition of the moon, devoid of air and water. The results of the *Challenger* expedition are largely brought in to illustrate the depths, temperatures, and biological condition of the ocean basins, and the constituents of water are determined by chemical analysis as applied by Forchhammer, who has shown the presence in sea-water of seven-and-twenty elements, to which may be added arsenic, lithium, cesium, rubidium, and gold, if not others. We fail to see mention of the discovery recently announced—fatal to the aspirations of total abstinents—of the presence of alcohol in water, in air, and through all solar space. All that is known or conjectured as regards the internal condition of the earth, its density and chemical constitution, its probable age as indicated by its rate of cooling, the tidal retardation of its rotation, or the supply of heat poured upon it by the sun as calculated by Sir W. Thomson and Professor Tait, is to be read in Dr. Geikie's masterly chapter. The general or macroscopic characters of rocks, as well as their minute or microscopic elements and structures, are given with great clearness of detail, this portion of the book forming a complete working manual of petrology. The classification and chemical analysis of every group and separate mineral mass will be found exact and ample, clearly drawn diagrams illustrating the chief varieties of structure under the microscope. The effects of fluxion, of elastic structure, organic and inorganic, as in greywacke and chalk; the lenticular character of the folia in gneiss, and the contortion in mica schist, and a line of finer grain traversing a coarsely crystalline granite, may be selected as admirable instances of the draughtsman's and engraver's skill. The table of schistose rocks, with details of their specific gravity and chemical constituents (p. 126), is a good example of the pains bestowed by the writer in his compilation of facts;

whilst his thoughtful heed to the student's wants is shown in the practical rules laid down for microscopic preparation and treatment, and for chemical analysis, whether by pulverization, by acids, or the blowpipe.

Under the head of Dynamical Geology are included the processes of change which, from the remotest period to the present time, have been at work modifying the form and structure of the earth, whether in hypogene or plutonic action, by force of internal heat or chemical agency, or as epigene or surface action, the forces being in this case those of air and water set in motion primarily by the sun's heat. The changes of surface brought about by volcanic action, earthquakes, and other terrestrial disturbances, are first explained, with their effects on the distribution of land and water, the outlines and the depths of the sea-basins. Upon the most recent subjects of geological research, such as the sublimation of mineral substances, metamorphism and dolomitization of rocks, the present text-book is full and trustworthy in the information it gives the student, and the references it affords for more intimate inquiry. The problem of the origin of petroleum and other hydrocarbons, if of necessity left but partially solved, is stated as clearly as may be. Glacier action, the genesis of icebergs, the transport of blocks and the lessons to be read in the striation and erosion of rock surfaces, are illustrated by the light of the newest research, as are also the action of rivers, marine and fluvial denudation, the formation of lakes, and framework of new land. For the effects of sub-aerial erosion no portion of the world is to be compared with the Western Territories of the United States, nor is any section of the text-book before us more likely to interest and impress the reader than that which treats of the stupendous river gorges or cañons of the Colorado region, where the vast and massive tableland of limestone, sandstone, slate, and granite has been trenched and worn into endless valleys and gullies, the grand cañon or ravine being no less than three hundred miles long, and in many places more than six thousand feet in depth. The cliff walls on either side are often several miles apart, and between them rise huge peaks and buttresses of rock, or broad masses of solid crag scarped and terraced like military structures. The mode in which these gigantic effects have been wrought out, within no great stretch of geological time, as measured by the more recent stratification, is made clear by the sections in the last book on Physiographical Geology, drawn on a true scale by Mr. Holmes, to whose graphic pencil is due the artistic sketch which forms the frontispiece to the volume—a panorama in outline of the grand plateau and cañons of the Colorado. The illustrations throughout, we are bound to say, add much to the value of the book. Those which render the microscopic structure of rocks are from the writer's own drawing, and not a few of the wood-blocks from Sir H. De la Beche's *Geological Observer* have been brought in, with excellent effect. Extending to little less than a thousand pages, the book is full of matter, never redundant or superfluous, ever clear in arrangement, and excellent in style. Whether as a manual for the student or a work of reference for the general reader, there is no text-book that can compare with it. On many special subjects not till recent times included within the popular definition of geology—such as mineralogy, petrography, and palæontology—it will serve as a primer of the latest and most authentic information. And where, in Stratigraphical Geology, it gathers up the sum of all that is known in each several department of the science, we are enabled to trace the continuous history or evolution of the world at large, and the onward march of organized existence upon its surface, from the vague initial stage at which not much is seen beyond a nebulous mass to that where man comes upon the scene, showing his rudimentary aptitude for art and science by sketching the last mammoth (fig. 428) and chipping his rude axe-head of flint (fig. 429), at which point the geologist brings his record to a close, and hands over the pen to the historian of the reign of man.

EVE LESTER.*

THIS book would seem to have been written with the intention, cynical or benevolent, one knows not which, of giving an ill-natured critic every possible chance. There is not a single character in it nor a single incident which is not presented as if it invited ridicule. The story is so related as to be grotesque; the characters, as they are drawn, are absurd; their developments are untrue. The book is so bad, in fact, that it ought to be left to die a natural death; nor should we spend time over its faults, but for the fact that the author, careless and ill-advised as she has been in this story, yet shows that she has the right stuff in her if she chooses to reflect and will take the trouble to study. She might possibly produce work of a very high order, she could certainly produce very creditable and artistic work, if she pleased. At present she has to learn the very first elements of her work; she does not know even the meaning of dramatic situation, concentration, selection; like so many of her sisters, she is afflicted with a fatal fluency; she can create at will, and as fast as her pen can rattle over the paper, commonplace characters with commonplace dialogue. There is a story told of a certain man, himself a novelist, who in reading for a firm of publishers once came upon a manuscript which, although it was very, very bad and impossible to publish, yet seemed to him to possess some kind of promise. He became a little interested in the unknown author;

* *Eve Lester. A Novel.* By Alice Mangold Diehl, Author of "The Garden of Eden" &c. 3 vols. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1882.

he thought that, with a few hints, a little training, she might turn out well. Therefore he went beyond his instructions, and added to his report, in which he pointed out very carefully the defects of the work, a postscript to the effect that if the young lady chose to submit to him, through his firm, a scenario of a story carefully worked out, with plot and characters thoroughly thought over, he should be glad to consider it and give his best advice upon it before she began to write it at all. The report was forwarded to the lady, who replied the very next day with a warm letter of thanks, and no fewer than five proposed plots, characters and all complete, which she had worked out, she said, that same evening. Mrs. Diehl's new novel reminds one of this story. Yet it is not quite so bad, because in her case we have at least a strong conception, though it is marred in the execution; there are characters which ought to be clear and distinct, which she has not the strength to keep true to themselves; there is one group which ought to have made the fortune of the book and is absolutely thrown away; and there is a girl who should have been a most charming and very interesting study, but is frittered away, so to speak, and allowed to run to seed. And then the story is swamped with the commonplace; commonplace talk, commonplace sentiment, commonplace style. Yet, in spite of all, there is the touch, manifest here and there, of promise. If a story, so carelessly worked out, so evidently written down in odds and ends of time when there were no social or domestic engagements, can yet preserve something of beauty, what might not the author do, if she were made to understand that the writing of novels is an art; that every art must be studied and acquired by long practice and devotion; and that you must live for your work if you want your work to be good? It would be a great service to this author if by any words of ours we could divert her from the broad and easy path which leadeth to oblivion or ridicule, with piles of copies refused by the libraries, to the steep and narrow path which leadeth to cool heights where Mudie and Smith dispute for last copies and publishers arrange for future editions. It is not every one who can climb that steep and narrow way; but perhaps Mrs. Diehl can; it will, at least, do her all the good in the world only to try.

Let us first present the story as it stands, ill-formed, ill-constructed, grotesque; we will then try to show what the author originally intended. It is a restoration which cannot be absolutely depended upon; all such restorations are as uncertain as that of the Temple of Ephesus, restored from the foundations, and the marble fragments lying in the debris. The foundations can be recovered from these volumes; and as for the rest it is all debris.

Eve Lester is cheerfully introduced in a churchyard among "her graves," which she has been decorating and keeping trim. She is the only daughter of a "stern peculiar man, a woman-hater whose ruling idea was 'freedom.'" Near the churchyard is a house in a small park called Grasslands, and in common speech, the "Haunted House." It is not explained why the house is supposed to be haunted. On the way home from the churchyard (which is only introduced in the first chapter and then forgotten) she meets a young man who asks the way to Grasslands. Eve tells him there is no accommodation in the haunted house, and suggests that he should return with her and take a bed in their own house. Her father, she says, by way of explaining a hospitality so catholic and so uncommon, is the great initiator of Universal Brotherhood, and knows not the meaning of the word "stranger." The young man declines, and Eve then kindly turns back with him, and shows him the way. They pass a moving object in the dark. It is a donkey. The way made clear, Eve goes home, and tears run down her face. "Am I ill?" she asks; "I was all right before I met that strange man going to the Haunted House." It will be seen that here is the foundation of a real old-fashioned romance. A haunted house, a donkey, a stranger, a presentiment, a father who is a universal brother—what more is wanted? Unfortunately, the ghosts in the house and the presentiment, as well as the churchyard and the donkey, are all forgotten, and play no more part in the narrative, so that there might just as well have been no ghosts, no presentiment, no donkey, and no churchyard, and we might have begun with the second chapter, which is called the "Apostle of Freedom."

This Apostle is a most repulsive person; he believes in himself and hates humanity; he goes to the Southern States of America, before the Civil War, in order to "witness one of the last chapters in the extermination of the weak by the strong." He must have been a great fool to go there for such a purpose, seeing that there was no exterminating at all, but that the nigger, so far from being exterminated, was being most carefully bred, multiplied, and tenderly cared for, as it behoves when one deals with valuable property. The extermination process has set in since his freedom, and it is a pity that Mr. Lester did not wait till now, when he might have studied his negro with more profit. All he brought away was a couple of specimens. On the way home he fell in love with an American widow, and very naturally and properly married her. "Then he took his wife boldly home. The very boldness of the proceeding conquered his admiring parents." This is bewildering. Should he have sneaked home by the back door with her? Should he have brought her home unmarried? Why should the parents admire a boldness which conquered them? And of what nature was the conquest? A baby came in due course. This baby is, of course, Eve. And here is another romantic episode which leads to nothing. The mother, we are told, "who had won general as well as particular affection," does not care for the child. She even becomes blanched and shrinks; presently she

dies; before she dies she tells her husband that she is not a widow at all, but a married woman, and that she hated her husband, and therefore ran away from him. Here are more foundations, we think, bewildered by so much preparation, for the romance which is to follow. We see it all; the turning up of American villain, first husband; confusion of Mr. Lester; perhaps buying him off; fierce debate over child; very tall language. But no; like the ghost and the presentiment and the donkey and the churchyard, this incident, too, is forgotten, and "joins the majority."

Mr. Lester, after this untoward catastrophe, would have no more to do with false, perjured womankind; he retired into the country. When he came into his property, which was large, he very imprudently, in order to make it larger, withdrew it from the Funds and placed it in the hands of a firm in the City. This, by the way, is exactly what a misanthrope would be so likely to do. He hates and distrusts the whole race of men, therefore he takes his money from the one place where it is quite safe and puts it where it encounters the greatest risks. In the same spirit of inconsistency he starts the society called the "Brothers of Freedom," and runs a monthly paper at a loss called the *Emancipator*. He receives the brethren in his own house, where he bullies them and makes them feel uncomfortable; and he brings up his daughter among them without religion, without feminine influences of any kind, careful that in all things she should think as a man and take a man's point of view. Every one will understand how such a character in efficient hands might be made most interesting. To begin with, such a girl, so brought up, with such a father and with such companions, would have become a fanatic for Universal Brotherhood; she would have worshipped her father; she would have believed in the emancipation of Humanity; she would have become its most ardent apostle. Like the Russian female Nihilists, like the screeching sisterhood, like the women of the Revolution, like the Pétroleuses of the Commune, like the lady Land Leaguers, she would have cried shame upon any compromise, and urged on the brethren to the wildest deeds. But no; she actually cares nothing at all about it. In fact, except in a half-hearted way, the *Emancipators* have little to do with the story; and the best opportunity possible is thrown away. Then we are introduced to a country rectory and its occupants—the fussy, self-satisfied Rector, who is musical and has written a little piece, and his wife, who is a manager. They take up most of the book, in fact, and become indescribably wearisome. A certain musician, one of the *Emancipators*, named Rinaldi, comes and goes a good deal, and makes court to Eve. The character of Rinaldi was intended to be strong, but it turns out weak. Then the young man, the stranger of the first chapter, also comes and goes, and says odd things. His name is Ross, and he is believed to be the secretary or valet, it is not certain which, to Mr. Grant, the purchaser of Grasslands. He dresses very badly, and he shows no reverence at all for the Rector's wife or for the county people whom she got to her garden-parties. As they play croquet at the garden-party we suspect that the book was written a dozen years ago. This Mr. Ross tells Eve presently a most dreadful story about his early days, which awakens her sympathies. Further, it appears that Mr. Grant has restored the old house at Grasslands, and now uses it as a sort of retreat or hospice for people who have broken down in life, which is a very good thing to do. Presently comes the inevitable smash, which we have been looking for all through the work. The London house collapses. Mr. Lester's money goes; and he has to give up his great house. His daughter takes him away, and they go somewhere to hide themselves and starve. Then Mr. Ross finds them just in the nick of time, and marries Eve, and turns out to be Mr. Grant, which is the end of a thrown-away, messed and muddled story.

The author conceived, at the outset, we believe, quite another tale, and one very creditable to her invention. The three-volume novel which she had in her own mind was to present the study of a man warped and prejudiced by vanity and solitude, believing himself to be a great apostle for the human race, yet selfish in all his habits, and too proud to let any man consider himself his equal. He was to have a daughter, whose native purity and sweetness would preserve her from the evil influences of her education and companions—among whom would be the most desperate of Socialist villains. Then, with the selfish and ostentatious lover of humanity, who knows not the word stranger, she would contrast the man who exercises the most boundless and the most patient charity secretly, so that the very men whom he benefits shall know him not. This man was to act upon the sympathetic nature of the girl, and draw her away from the people and from the ideas which surround her, and they were naturally to fall in love with each other. This conception has nobility in it and generosity; pity, therefore, that some pains could not have been taken to carry it out. As for the result before us, it is like nothing so much as Hogarth's "Perspective Picture." All is out of proportion. Again, even in the minor characters, the author shows that she has the power of detaching a figure in her mind, and seeing it clearly. Take, for instance, the character of the musician Rinaldi:—

Rinaldi acceded to all, to everything. Each moment he was falling more deeply in love with—England. Such lovely girls; such warmth of feeling, such cosy, homelike homes! England should hold and keep him: England should inspire his sculptures and England should protect and purchase them; and the while, he believed in his own feelings as a child. He forgot that a year ago he had adored France and the French; that life in a country château, a square shuttered house in a square garden of stiff avenues of straight trees, had seemed the most desirable life on earth.

The artist temperament, easily pleased, satisfied with the present,

lightly moved, fickle—this is a character which has been often drawn and sometimes effectively. But in this case there seems to have been no effort to keep the action and the words of the character true to the original design. It is not, in fact, enough to conceive an original and strong character unless there be strength of hand to carry it out. Like her heroine Eva, Mrs. Diehl has endeavoured to create like a strong man, and has carried out her attempt like a weak woman. She has, however, been successful in drawing the commonplace figures—the Rector, the Rector's wife, the young ladies who want to be married. They are certainly portrayed with wearisome fidelity. And if Mrs. Diehl proposes to write a third story, we have only to advise her to let this failure be a warning and an admonition to her not to throw away good chances, not to let strong characters become commonplace for want of trouble, not to overload the story with persons who are not wanted, and not to crowd it with incidents and events which belong to the life of her hero's grandfather and grandmother. Perhaps—we do not venture to prophesy in so doubtful a matter—but perhaps, if she will pay attention to these remarks, she may have a career as a novelist yet before her.

BRIGHTER BRITAIN!*

DESPITE the rather irritating jingle of their title and an occasional vein of flippancy which may be thought to belong to it, these volumes have no common share of two admirable qualities not always to be found in works of this class, nor perhaps, for all our partiality for nonsense on the one hand, and our scientific researches on the other, pre-eminently conspicuous in any class of latter-day literature—the qualities of good sense and good spirits. Retailers of colonial experiences are generally apt to fall into one of two extremes—they use either too much rose-colour in their pictures or too much drab; they are either too general and effusive, or too minute and technical. And, painful as is the laboriously “funny writer” everywhere, he is never, perhaps, quite so excruciating as when striving to depict the life of a settler from its ludicrous aspect. Mr. Hay is for the most part free from these errors. He has compiled neither a handbook nor a comic history of New Zealand. He gives plenty of information, which, if not always very new, is, so far as our knowledge serves us, accurate and useful; and he knows when to put his laughing-ropes off and to be serious. His good spirits, though they have sometimes, as we shall presently show, a drawback of their own, are genuine and wholesome. He writes of the hardships of life on a “pioneer farm,” and plenty of them he certainly experienced, in the spirit in which he evidently endured them—a determination to make the best of everything, to take the rough with the smooth, and to get the most enjoyment and the most profit out of both. He extenuates nothing; he does not attempt to make light of, or to paint in alluring colours, the life of a settler in the bush. Let him sum it up in his own words:—

Now, in the first place, roughing it is not a nice process. There is nothing at all delightful or charming about it. Plainly, it is suffering. Suffering of numberless discomforts and privations, slight in themselves as a rule, though not invariably so, but certainly a serious matter in the aggregate. Nor is there anything grand or glorious in the prospect of roughing it. Merely in itself it does not add to a man's good in any particular way. It has to be got through in order that certain ends may be achieved. That is about the sum of it.

Nothing could be more sensible than this. The process had to be got through, and Mr. Hay and his friends accordingly went through with it with the lightest possible hearts and in the best possible spirits. In the same way he now looks back upon it, and writes of it:—

There is nothing so daunt healthy young fellows in the prospect of roughing it. Only those who are delicate, or who are of sensitive nature, need turn back from the possibility of it. . . . Of course, you cannot carry the drawing-room with you into the bush. That side of life, with much of the refinement belonging to it, is swept completely out of your reach. And what is of more importance still, your existence is apt to grow somewhat unintellectual. Yet these are matters that are already remedying themselves. As comfort and competence are gradually achieved, and as society becomes large, so do the higher results of civilization follow, and as pioneering progresses into the more advanced stages of improvement, so do the opportunities and possibilities for mental work and culture become more generally and readily appreciable. To us, when we first came out from England, the life here seemed utterly delightful, because it was so fresh and novel. We were quite captivated with it. Our existence was a perpetual holiday and picnic, to which the various difficulties and discomforts that cropped up only seemed to add more zest. But we soon got over that. We soon began to find that it did not rain rose-water here. A rude picnic prolonged day after day, year after year, soon lost its enchantment, and merged into something very like suffering. We began to yearn after those fleshpots of Egypt which we had left behind us; and there were times when we have regretted that we ever emigrated at all. Now we have settled down to a calm and placid contentment with our lot. We begin to see what results are possible to us, and there are signs that our chrysalis condition is finite after all, and that some reward for our toil will be ours ere long. The days of our worst poverty and difficulty lie behind us, and better things are in store.

Nevertheless, these good spirits, with all their charm, have, we said, a certain drawback of their own. They leave us sometimes a little doubtful whether this jolly party of settlers had quite so terrible a time of it as their historian makes

out. Certainly he has extenuated nothing, but it is difficult to avoid the suspicion that he has not set a few things down in sheer gaiety of heart. Beds of old potato-sacks or flour-bags stuffed with fern; no chairs, no crockery, no knives and forks, no combs and brushes, almost, one might say, no clothes; a roof that let in the rain and did not let out the smoke; walls, as an Irishman might say, composed chiefly of holes; a door that any strong gust of wind could and did blow into the middle of the room—deficiencies such as these, even in the most inaccessible bush, strike the reader as being, if one may again employ a Celtic form of speech, so very superfluous, that he may find it difficult to refrain from a doubt whether the whole history may not be a little touched with that enchantment which distance is apt to throw over the contemplation of surmounted difficulties. These doubts, too, are still further increased by the uncertainty as to the time of Mr. Hay's narrative. Save for the date of publication on his title-page, and some chronological allusions in the reminiscences of “Old Colonial,” one of the principal figures in the book, there is really nothing to fix the precise period of his experiences, their commencement or duration. There is, indeed, mention made of Burlington House as the head-quarters of British Art, which seems at first to give the reader a clue; but then again his hopes are shattered by a reference to an “elegant, blue, velvet riding-habit, with hat and feather to match,” as the fashionable costume of the British Amazon, which seems to cast the period back almost into the twilight of fable. As a guide to intending settlers, therefore, the book necessarily loses a little both in interest and worth; for it is clear that, if we do not know how far the lessons to be drawn from these experiences still hold good, their value as lessons can be but slight. And it is, after all, in this direction that the practical importance of such books must lie. Whatever distinction they may derive from their literary graces, or however amusing they may be as pictures of a life so utterly opposed to all our ordinary notions of existence, if they are to be anything more than the idle occupation of an hour, they must impress us with a notion of solidity, of seriousness; they must teach us something, they must point a moral as well as adorn a tale. We are very far, indeed, from saying that Mr. Hay has altogether failed to do this; but he would have been more successful had he been a little more precise. Internal evidence seems generally to point to the year 1870 as the starting-point of his narrative; and it strikes us as strange that there should have been found, in or about that time, even in the remotest corner of the bush, a party of gentlemen, strong-limbed, clear-headed, resolute, and possessed of a certain amount of capital, as well as of good friends, compelled or condescending to live in such a state of destitution and—there is no other word for it—dirt as Mr. Hay describes. The roughest and most uncultivated bushman would have rejected it; nay, we do most seriously doubt whether the amount of hard work that Mr. Hay and his friends got through could have been so well done, or even done at all, without a larger proportion of what may fairly be called the necessities of existence. A man who has to spend a considerable portion of his nights in searching for a dry spot whereon to sleep, or in chasing intruding animals from his bedside, will hardly be fit for any violent or continuous labour in his days. At the outset he may, of course, have to put up with such, or even worse, hardships; but there is nothing in Mr. Hay's narrative to show that this was not his normal condition of existence in his “shanty home.” We must add, too, that we are loth to believe that the virtue of cleanliness, generally accepted as one of the particular virtues of the English gentleman, should so soon have been forgotten. It is not an expensive virtue, nor one difficult of practice, neither is it incompatible with the hardest of hard work. Cold water, sufficient, at any rate, for purposes of ablution, can be found even in the driest of Australian seasons; by Mr. Hay's own showing, there was never any lack of it in the Kapira.

And this brings us to another point, which has a little puzzled us in these volumes. Whereabouts in the various sections of society is situated the class for whom Mr. Hay specially recommends emigration? About the best advice, he says, that he ever heard given to intending emigrants was couched in some such terms as these:—

What are your prospects here? If you have any, stop where you are. But if you have no particular profession, nothing better before you than laborious quill-driving and the like, at eighty pounds a year, and small probability of ever rising as high as two hundred, however many years you stick to the desk or the yard-measure, then you may think of emigrating. If you are strong and able-bodied, somewhere between sixteen and twenty-six years of age—for over twenty-six men are generally too old to emigrate, I think—I say, emigrate by all means, for you will have a better chance of leading a healthy, happy, and fairly comfortable life. But you must throw all ideas of gentility to the winds, banish the thought of refinement, and prepare for a rough, hard struggle, and it may be a long one too. You may please yourselves with the prospect of competence, comfort, and even luxury in the distance; but you must look at it through a lengthy vista of real hard work, difficulty, and bodily hardship. Success in a greater or less degree *always* follows patient industry at the Antipodes; it can scarcely be said to do so in Britain.

Now all this is no doubt sensible and true enough; but the question is, to whom was it addressed, and when? The chances of the emigrant have changed! marvellously within the last twenty years. The younger son of gentle family for whom, not so very many years ago, five or ten thousand pounds, an outfit, and a passage to the Colonies, was thought a princely start in life, would hardly make much way now. On the other hand, the field of exercise for the educated professions, especially, we believe, the legal pro-

* *Brighter Britain! or, Settler and Maori in Northern New Zealand.* By William Delisle Hay, Author of “Three Hundred Years Hence,” “The Doom of the Great City,” &c. 2 vols. London: Richard Bentley & Son, 1882.

session, has greatly widened. We should for our part, though we certainly would not set up our judgment in opposition to Mr. Hay's, be inclined to say that to all classes of emigrants the towns now afford fairer prospects than the bush. But in all cases no advice can with any certainty be given unless the status of the intending emigrant be precisely known. Elsewhere Mr. Hay talks of the "average middle-class young gentleman." But "middle class" is a vague term; if by it Mr. Hay implies that class of which Mr. Matthew Arnold has with characteristic modesty professed himself "a feeble unit," we should question whether his advice is altogether sound, though of course the chances and conditions of life in New Zealand may still be very different from what they are in Australia. "If," he says, addressing his "average middle-class young gentleman," "if you have any particular acquaintance with a useful trade, so much the better; if you have not, and can do so, learn one before you go—carpentry, boatbuilding, blacksmithing, tinkering, cobbling; it will help you through wonderfully." This advice, which is excellent, seems to place Mr. Hay's middle class a little lower in the scale than most of us, including Mr. Arnold, would probably be inclined to fix it. However, all these speculations are vague, for nobody can really satisfy them but Mr. Hay himself; that they rise naturally to the reader's mind is another proof of the unsatisfactoriness which this lack of precision imparts to what might so easily have been made as useful a book as it is entertaining.

For entertaining it certainly is. The few touches of flippancy which we have referred to, and which are a little too much in the style of Mark Twain's popular books of travel—a most amusing style at first hand no doubt, but not a good model for imitation—do not detract from its pervading air of good spirits; its occasional lack of seriousness (which writers, especially writers of Mr. Hay's school, will do well to remember is not at all the same thing as dulness) does not diminish the value of its share of good sense. The style, too, though sometimes a little diffuse, is, on the whole, not a bad style for the subject; it is always, let us add, at its best when the writer is most serious, when he really has something to say. He has a pretty knack of description, which, moreover—and this is much to his praise—he never, or hardly ever, employs unseasonably; that he can tell a story his very startling and romantic tale of "The Demon Dog" abundantly shows; and his chapter on "A Pig-Hunt" is as brisk and vigorous a record of a curious phase of sport as we could wish to read. A little more care would have done wonders for these volumes—a little more care in such matters as we have already noted, and, we must add, a little more care in the more rudimentary matter of grammar. Mr. Hay must really pardon us if we point out that such a sentence as "the wages paid to the other man and I," though possibly very good Maori, is certainly very bad English.

CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

IV.

ONE of the prettiest gift-books of the year is *Selections from the Poetry of Robert Herrick* (Sampson Low and Co.). The designs are engraved on wood from drawings by Mr. E. A. Abbey. The cover is brilliant, yet arranged in good taste, and the title-page, with its scroll title in red letters, is very nicely printed. The cuts have appeared, if we are not mistaken, in *Harper's Magazine*. We do not care for some of the fantastic capital letters, which have an intoxicated look, as if some wild compositor were working without a conscience or an aim. Mr. Austin Dobson—and there is no better judge or fashioner of light verse—is the author of the preface, and we presume he has some excellent reason for calling George Sand "Georges." Mr. Dobson is an urban poet, but he draws in his preface many a pleasant picture of the fields where Herrick moralized on the daffodils, and the hedges where he gathered roses while he might. "Poets and Roses" would not be a bad theme for an essay by a poet; for Horace loved them as well as Omar, and Ronsard as well as Herrick. The pleasant old spelling, as of "Bucolics" for *Bucolics*, is preserved in the *Selections*. The artist is not guiltless of archness, as when he draws Herrick in the guise of a too comic country parson, staring (out of a marsh, as far as we can see) at a Muse too Parisian for Devonshire. The seventeenth-century pastoral, "A Bucolic," is much better; and the swains of Herrick's time were, no doubt, very like their counterfeit presentment here, while "Lallage with cowlike eyes" is a sufficiently buxom and rural beauty. The Venus of the "Short Hymne" is needlessly blowsy; and the lower part of her face, with its scratchy shading, is drawn much at random. A damsel with a "tempestuous petticoat" is much better, though the background is blotted in anyhow, and looks as like a picture of a heath-fire as of a peaceful common. This is a frequent fault in woodcuts of the American school—a school which we venture, for our own part, to think erroneous in principle and hugely over-praised. However, this is debatable matter. Among the best landscapes is Deanbourn, a moorland stream which Herrick had the bad taste to dislike. Izaak Walton would have been happier there in what Wotton calls "the season of fly and cork," though corks would have been useless in such a rapid brook. Cuffe asleep in his pew is rather a humorous drawing; but, on the whole, we think Herrick would be more pleasant without the pictures. This is not the theory of givers of gift-books, to whom we can heartily commend this pretty

example of the class, especially if they have a liking for American wood engravings, which at present are popular.

The Queen's Album: Views and Flowers of the Riviera (Smith, Son, and Co.) is a very gaudy receptacle of photographs. The cover is soft green calf, tooled or stamped in a way somewhat distressing to amateurs of *petits fers*, but no doubt justly calculated to please the public. The blank parts of the pages are illuminated with studies of the Riviera flowers and landscapes. On the first page are heath, blue-bells, and tulips, with a prismatic view of some place near Mentone, which is, indeed, "invested in purple gleams." We maintain that Roccambruna is not so purple as the artist represents it. He is much more successful with his spray of white heath. The Terrace at Monte Carlo is recognizable, and Bordighera is coloured in tones comparatively quiet. The pines near Cannes are also in better taste than too many of the gaudy little landscapes. On the whole, the artist would have done better had he confined himself to studies of flowers.

Here is a new volume of *Picturesque Europe* (Cassell's), containing pictures of scenes in the British Islands. These books seem to us to be useful as well as picturesque. The dreary study of geography (dreary as it is taught to children) might be made really interesting, if the young learners were shown these pictures (by Mr. Birket Foster and other artists), as companions to their lessons. Mr. Oscar Browning contributes the letterpress about Eton; and the pictures of Lower School, the Fives Court, and so on, will interest all boys. Mr. Bonney writes on the Land's End, English Abbeys, and North Wales, while Mr. Senior (a name known to anglers) contributes the article on Thames scenery.

The Ladies Treasury (Mrs. Warren. Bmrose and Sons) has some good illustrations, and the text is quite full of things that a lady would like to know. We usually spell "Mycene" with a diphthong, but the woodcut of "a maiden of Mycene" is an interesting study of costume. In this volume are novels, or at least stories, and hints on gardening and on cookery, and literary notes and queries. Here we learn that within fifty years there was a burning cliff at Weymouth, which partly roasted apples and a heedless boy. On the whole, ladies who read *The Ladies Treasury* seem to prefer prints of fashions to anything less important to be known.

Sixes and Sevens is a verse-book for children, by Mr. F. E. Weatherly, with very pretty coloured pictures by Miss Dealy (Hildesheimer and Faulkner). We particularly enjoy Mr. Weatherly's poem on Fairyland, which is just what a child's poem ought to be. *Very Busy* is also delightful, and all little girls who have not yet learned to read should get some one to read these verses to them aloud. This is the best small child's poetry book we have had to review for a long time.

The indefatigable Mr. Ascot R. Hope publishes (Blackie and Sons) *Stories of Old Renown*. Ogier the Dane, Guy of Warwick, Geneviève of Brabant, are his most famous characters; and there are plenty of vigorous pictures. Sir Guy fighting the dragon is really the most imaginative drawing of a dragon fight which we ever remember to have seen. Mr. Gordon Browne is the artist, and he deserves the highest praise for this unconventional and energetic drawing.

Four Little Mischiefs (Rosa Mulholland. Blackie and Sons) is about some very quaint children, one of whom envied other children who "were happy with the mumps." They must have had an irrepressible genius for felicity. The characters seem nice and natural children.

Mr. Pauer has added to extant birthday-books one on Musicians and Composers (Forsyth Brothers).

The Prince of the Hundred Soups, edited by Vernon Lee, and very appropriately illustrated by Sarah Birch (T. Fisher Unwin), has a preface of vast learning. Here we learn that M. Littré attempted to demonstrate "what a very great pity it was that Alfred de Musset or Théophile Gautier would write poems in the language of their own day." We had never known that this was the object of M. Littré's experiments in old French translations of Homer. We are also informed that Vernon Lee has written "half a volume" on *The Comedy of Masks*. This preface is highly curious, odd, and interesting; and we only wish that Vernon Lee's book had been all preface. But we have not been so much interested by the Prince as by the preface.

Travellers' Tales (Rev. H. C. Adams, M.A. Routledge and Sons).—Mr. Adams has written a book which will be very interesting to those who like to inquire into the origin of the strange stories afloat in the world, though it is rather too critical to be attractive to more youthful minds. A vast amount of curious information has been collected by Mr. Adams, and similar stories compared one with the other, in a way that leaves the reader ample premisses from which to draw his own conclusions. The adventures of Sindbad stand first on the list, and the various voyages with which we are all familiar are carefully examined. The strange mythical birds, beasts, fishes, and even men, are brought under review, and altogether no pains have been spared to make the volume complete.

Jeannette: a Story of the Huguenots (Francis M. Peard. Routledge and Sons).—We are accustomed to stories of the Huguenots in the days of the revolt of the Netherlands; but Miss Peard has broken comparatively new ground in placing the scene of her tale in Normandy in the year of the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. Miss Peard has given a graphic picture of the miseries to which the adherents of the despised faith were reduced, and the dangers that beset them while endeavouring to escape across the seas. Her heroine is the daughter of a doctor in Caen

who, with her three playmates, the daughters of the pastor, are suddenly forced by their parents to fly for their lives. Their hardships, which are very great, are told with spirit; and of the four children in whose fortunes we are interested two get safely to England, one dies, and one abjures. The book gives us a peep into old France which children will not be slow to appreciate.

The New House that Jack Built (Mrs. Willoughby Luxton. Routledge) is a capital story of child-life in Australia, and will, we feel sure, inspire a longing for the Antipodes in the breasts of all the small people who read it. The descriptions of the charms of going daily to school on horseback across a creek, of rides where the rider is in imminent danger of being strangled by some of the creepers that abound in the bush, or of days spent on the seashore without interference from outsiders, will prove irresistible. Mrs. Luxton may be congratulated on her very spirited tale.

Historic Landmarks in the Christian Centuries (Richard Heath. Religious Tract Society).—Mr. Heath has observed in his preface that he has aimed at following the track which has been supposed to be that pursued by the Wandering Jew, and at describing the progress of Christianity in various parts of the world, as it might have struck that most extensive of travellers. The task is heavy; but Mr. Heath has on the whole acquitted himself well, and with the fair recognition of Pagan efforts and merits that writers on Christianity so often lack. We were, however, surprised that our author, who speaks with scrupulous care of "Egberht," "Eadward," and "Eadwine," should be so inconsistent as to refer to "Charlemagne." We must also observe that the Lombard king was named Autharis, not "Autharsis," which has an Egyptian sound; that the Christian missionaries arrived at Se-gan-foo in the reign of Lichimin or Taitong, who is hardly to be recognized under the disguise of "Chim Kuan"; that Fo is never seen written with an "e," and that the Emperor of China in 2 B.C. was Gaiti, not Ming-ti, as stated by Mr. Heath. Ming-ti did not reign till A.D. 57. These, however, are but slight blunders in a work so carefully carried out.

Warrior Kings (Lady Lamb. Routledge).—Lady Lamb's book, both in subject and illustration, brings forcibly back the presents bestowed on us in our childhood, when all the attractive padding of history had not been left out. Among the "Warrior Kings" are the familiar names of William the Conqueror, Richard I., and Robert Bruce; and, if Lady Lamb does not tell anything strikingly new either about these worthies or any of the rest, she has at least given a painstaking and interesting sketch of their lives and adventures.

"Upon the Christmas Cards th' industrious Muse doth fall," if we may parody Drayton. Messrs. Falkner send some pretty cards printed in brown; the two poor blackbirds in the snow are very touching.

Messrs. Mansell have about seven hundred and fifty different cards—"Photographs of Sweet Landscapes," chromo-lithographs, "Scenes from the Lives of our Feathered Friends," "Beautiful Faces and Figures," after Mr. Frank Miles and others, etchings, flowers, and plenty more. We have examined all sorts, and can say that they are excellently suited for their purpose.

Messrs. Schlipper send cards in countless varieties, all very pleasing (especially the decorative *menus*) to the taste which awakens in the human heart at Christmas.

NEW MUSIC.

IT is with some regret that we hear rumours of the banjo becoming a favourite musical instrument in society; and with a view to checking the aspirations of those young ladies who are desirous of learning this instrument, we have a suggestion to make. Why not learn the "mandoline"? Besides possessing the advantages claimed for its modern American relative, such as being easy to learn and capable of accompanying the human voice, it has none of the disadvantages of ugliness and twanginess. It is a beautifully-shaped instrument, has a melodious tone, and is capable of producing really charming effects, especially if used in combination with the guitar, an instrument which is too seldom heard nowadays. To quote from Messrs. Metzler and Co.'s *Mandoline Tutor*, by G. Luigi, which now lies before us, "In Spain, Italy, and the colonies it has long been the favourite exponent of the people's music, and very lately in Naples Bidera has introduced it in the orchestra"; and we learn also that Silvestri, the greatest performer on the instrument, has been decorated by King Humbert, and that the Queen of Italy herself "is also a most accomplished mandoline player." The practice of the mandoline may perhaps lead to the study of that truly romantic and melodious instrument, the guitar. It may be interesting to note that Beethoven wrote a piece of music for this instrument, probably for his friend Krumpholtz, as Mr. Hipkins suggests in Mr. Grove's *Dictionary of Music*, in which it will be found printed *in extenso*. To describe the instrument we may say that it is very closely allied to the bandurrias, so skilfully used by the "Spanish Students" who performed in London in 1879. There are two sorts of mandolines, the Neapolitan and the Milanese, the former having four pairs of strings, the latter five and sometimes six, which are played with a plectrum; in fact, it is closely related to the lute and zither, but is shaped rather more like a guitar than the latter instrument. Those who feel inclined to act upon our suggestion will find that Messrs. Metzler and Co. will supply them not only with a very clear instruction-book, provided by Signor Luigi, but also with the instruments themselves.

Amongst the songs sent to us by Messrs. Metzler and Co. Mr. Molloy's "Pictures in the Fire" stands first. This composer sustains his reputation for naive simplicity and charming melody, whilst his musicianly qualities are undoubted. "Pictures in the Fire" is certainly a very charming song. "Behind the Clouds," by J. M. Coward, has on the title-page the initials of Madame Antoinette Stirling, for whom, we are told, it was expressly composed; but why these initials are there we cannot say, for the song is not striking, and the sentiment of the poetry is rather weak; while Mr. Goring Thomas's two songs—"A Song of Spain" and "A Breeze from Shore"—are ambitious, but not very original. "I'm Longing for Something," by Maria E. H. Stested, is clever, and has the rare advantage of brevity; and "Jack's New Yarn," by W. East, is a song suited perhaps for a music-hall, but certainly would be irksome in a drawing-room. Messrs. Metzler and Co. have also sent us a pianoforte arrangement of Virginia Gabriel's song "Ruby," by Michael Watson, which is easy, and suitable for juvenile performance.

Beethoven's last work was a Quartette in F., marked Opus 135; but Mr. Gustav Lange's works, as we learn from the title-page of "Ein Tag in der Schweiz" and "Neues Blumenlied" (Edwin Ashdown), have already reached the surprising figures of 291. Is it not a little ridiculous to mark off each little *morceau de salon* as a separate "opus"? The trifles, however, are pleasing, and will be welcome to those who like such music. Of a very different class is Herr A. Loeschhorn's "Dreams of Youth," issued by the same publisher, which is a really charming musical sketch, quite worthy of the pen of the talented composer of the "Album für die Jugend." Like all his works it is conscientious, but it will require careful study and some patient application on the part of the performer. "Air de danse," by H. Latour, and "Marche Héroïque," by Michael Watson, are pretty, easy, and effective, while "Enid," by Walter Macfarren, which somewhat recalls the *Lieder ohne Worte* style of Mendelssohn, is graceful and not over difficult for performance. Mr. O. E. Pathe, we see, is another composer of light music, who has achieved his Opus 274, but the three little pianoforte pieces—"In Shady Vale," "Sweet Dreams," and "A Spring Flower"—are attractive and unaffected. "The Chase," by Oliver Cramer, is, as may be supposed, a hunting song which does not prefer any claim to originality, while of "I Pifferari," by Sydney Smith, we can only say that we prefer the original to the imitation. From the same publishers we have received three songs, two—"Little Lassie" and "Gathered Lilies"—by Louis Diehl, and one—"Blue Peter"—by J. L. Hatton, all of which will repay the study given to them. Messrs. Wood and Co. send us two transcriptions for the pianoforte by W. S. Rockstro, one the March from *Tannhäuser* and the other the Bridal Chorus from *Lohengrin*, which are evidently written with a view of not taxing the capabilities of the performer to any great extent; and the same may be said of "Lubinka, caprice polonaise," by P. von Tugginer, and of the "Princess March," dedicated to H.R.H. the Princess Christian by Ed. Redhead, all of them being pleasing specimens of drawing-room music. We have also received from the same publisher "Harold," a cantata, the words by Edward Oxenford, and music by Arthur E. Dyer. The work is written for two tenors and a baritone, with a mixed chorus, the music of which is attractive, and will be welcomed by the many amateur choirs who are in want of easy and good cantatas to sing at their concerts. Especially effective numbers are the Chorus of Priests, Harold's first song, and the trio and chorus at the end. The argument is remarkably simple, and cannot be said to be "replete with dramatic interest," for there is absolutely no plot. "Harold," so it runs, "having defeated the King of Norway in Northumbria, returns to York, and is there feasting with his victorious troops, when tidings arrive of the landing of the Normans in Sussex. On receiving the news, Harold hastens to London, and thence with his army to Hastings, where he prepares to give battle to the invader." Mr. Edward Oxenford, acting on the principle that "no-body cares about the words," has managed to string together a number of rhymes which seem to serve the purpose of rendering articulate the music to be performed. Change the names that sometimes occur and they would be equally applicable for the libretto of a cantata called "William the Conqueror." Take this as a specimen, from Leofwin's song:—

Be glad while ye may,
Nor take heed of the morrow;
The sweets of to-day
Let us taste while they last!
For life is too short
From the future to borrow;
Dull care, like an ort,
Flings away to the past!

But perhaps the most humour lies in the choral recitative which follows Harold's song. The King has just stated the fact that the "English land was free," and attributed it very rightly to the prowess of his warriors; but the recitative comments that

The retribution that on Norway fell
Was due to Harold's dauntless arm;
But modesty forbids his lips to tell
'Twas he, and he alone, who broke the charm!

The italics are our own.

From Mr. William Czerny we have received "The Mountain of Prayer" and three settings of "The Holy Night," as a solo for the voice, a choral, and pianoforte arrangement, which we feel sure will find favour at this season especially; while "Paternoster," by L. Niedermeyer, is a well-written and effective setting of the words, and shows that the composer is a master of his craft.

"Andantino from a Little Suite," Opus 77, by Friedrich Kiel, is a simple and attractive excerpt from a trio for piano, violin, and violoncello, which has impressed us so favourably that we wish the publisher had sent us the complete work; and the "Crucifixus," by M. Faure, arranged for the organ by W. J. Westbrook, commends itself as a pattern of graceful simplicity. On the title-page of "Charm Me to Sleep," by F. L. Moir, the only song sent to us by this publisher, we learn that it and many other songs by well-known composers, and "over fifty choruses for ladies' voices," may be sung *without payment of any fee*. This is a praiseworthy attempt at the solution of the copyright question, and we hope it may succeed, and that other publishers will follow in the paths indicated by M. Czerny. A collection of two-part songs, which has already reached its seventh number, is amongst this parcel of music, and deserves commendation. Some pleasing dance music from the pen of Percy M. Moccatta—"Danse Pittoresque" and "Valse de Concert"—as well as an excellent song, "Dying Embers," the words of which are by the last-mentioned composer, and the music by Lindsay Sloper, have also been sent to us. Messrs. Novello, Ewer, and Co. send us "A Wedding March," by Charles Gounod, composed and dedicated to the Duke of Albany, of which we may say that it was hardly necessary to go abroad for a musical production of this calibre. It is true we have only the pianoforte arrangement before us, and we cannot say what effects the composer might have produced with a full orchestra; but, coming from such a source, we think we are justified in expecting something better than this. The songs "Row, Boatie, Row," "She Sang to a Harp," "The Castaway," "Does he Love Me?" and "He was very good to me," poor Jo's song, by Alfred Allen, are all, however, very good, and evidence considerable musical skill on the part of the composer. The E natural in the fifth bar on the second page of "Does he Love Me?" we venture to suggest is a misprint. The same composer shows his ability as a part-song writer in a very pretty four-part song to Moore's words, "When Twilight Dews," and evinces considerable humour in a glee to the words of the nursery rhyme "Dickory, Dickory, Dock." We can specially commend the bass G on the word "one" when the clock strikes. "The War March" from *Athalie*, by Mendelssohn, arranged by J. W. Elliott for piano and harmonium, is very striking and effective, and two organ compositions, No. XV. of "Soft Voluntaries," by George Calkin, and a "Postlude," by Charles Steggall, help to sustain the fame of these publishers of organ music. The latter work, indeed, is certainly far above the average.

The volumes of "Pianoforte Albums" sent with this parcel are worth a word of praise. That of "Marches" contains easy pianoforte arrangements of the principal marches of the best composers; while that entitled "Handel" consists of fugues, gigue, sarabands, and gavottes, written by that master, and makes a very valuable and acceptable collection.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

A LIFE devoted to historical pursuits, and a long residence at Florence, have enabled Herr von Reumont (1) to enrich historical literature with a number of valuable contributions, chiefly relating to Italy. A moderate-sized volume just published contains six minor studies, partly reprinted, partly hitherto unpublished. The first in order, and the most elaborate in execution, is a sketch of Alessandra Strozzi, a noble Florentine matron of the fifteenth century (1407-1470), the mother of the wealthy Filippo Strozzi, known as the patron of Filippino Lippi. Her life, though interesting, was not remarkably eventful; but she was a type of the female patricians of the Florentine mercantile aristocracy, and by skillfully rendering her history illustrative of the social conditions of the times, Herr von Reumont has greatly enriched a somewhat meagre background of incident, and produced a highly attractive biography. The next essay treats a subject made familiar to English readers by the genius of Mr. Browning—Victor Emmanuel of Savoy's attempt to repossess himself of his voluntarily relinquished crown. The facts, according to Herr von Reumont, have until lately been imperfectly known; we do not perceive, however, that any material modification is introduced into the situation as conceived by the dramatist, and the latter's estimate of the characters and motives of the leading personages seems entirely borne out. Queen Polyxena, as might be expected, is less prominent in the historian's narrative than in the drama, where a leading female character is indispensable. The third essay treats of Venetian rule in the Ionian Islands, and is mainly an apology for the administration of the Republic. The fourth treats of Gustavus the Third of Sweden's two visits to Aix-la-Chapelle—in 1780, when on his whimsical incognito tour on the Continent, and in 1791, when he was endeavouring to bring about a joint intervention by the European sovereigns for the restoration of the French monarchy. Von Reumont vindicates Gustavus against the imputation of having merely started this project as a means of raising money. It was, indeed, one evidently suggested by the circumstances of the times, and the adventurous Swedish monarch, with all his faults, was the only European sovereign then reigning whose direction of such an enterprise could have been anything more than nominal. The next essay deals with the sadly inglorious close of the Stuart line; and in the last Herr von Reumont

sketches Mrs. Somerville. His personal knowledge of our distinguished countrywoman, however, has not enabled him to add much to the information contained in her biography, which he is for the most part content merely to abridge.

Bodenstedt's travels in the United States (2) are scarcely so interesting as might have been expected from the reputation of the author, partly because the narrative is pitched in altogether too prosaic a key, partly because the general interest of the book is diminished by the writer's laudable purpose of examining before all things into the condition of the German population of the States. His account of this is highly satisfactory; the Germans have, he says, gained much ground, morally and intellectually, as well as numerically, in the Union since the European disturbances in 1848 drove so many distinguished and cultivated men of their nation across the Atlantic. Herr Bodenstedt's reputation had preceded him; in every American city he found some wealthy and accomplished German to entertain him, and many more to welcome him, and his natural satisfaction is perhaps in some degree reflected in the generally *couleur de rose* character of his report. American civilization is chiefly viewed by him on the material side, and his details of the conveniences and inconveniences of life in the States, though accurate and impartial, are occasionally somewhat tedious.

Baron von Ompteda's account of England (3) is an excellent book for German reading. He describes such typical aspects of English life as the City, the Clubs, Eton College, Arundel Castle, and the looms and spindles of Rochdale, with great intelligence and in a most fair and courteous spirit. For English readers, of course, his work offers little novelty.

Herr Zöller (4) has visited Panama to inquire into the prospects of M. de Lesseps's canal scheme. On the whole, he appears to have found more vitality in it than he expected, and better prospects of procuring the necessary labour for excavation from the West Indies, while the lighter work of felling and removing trees can be done by the natives. He does not, however, see his way clearly to a dividend, and reports the current expectation of the Isthmus to be that, after having ruined two Companies, the enterprise will be eventually completed by a third, which will not be French, but American.

Johann Denck (5) was one of the most interesting of those mystical sectaries who from one of their tenets which attracted most attention obtained, in the beginning of the Reformation, the name of Anabaptists, but were in truth the spiritual kindred of the early Quakers. Denck himself seems to have been principally inspired by Tauler and Thomas à Kempis; his temperament had nothing in common with the fierce fanaticism of the Münster Anabaptists, and he insisted chiefly on the necessity of mutual toleration and charity. A sentiment so unpopular in that age naturally exposed him to persecution; his short life of twenty-seven years was spent in fleeing from city to city, and he opportunely died at Basel when every refuge seemed exhausted. His theology, though essentially Protestant, was in many respects diametrically opposite to Luther's, especially as regards free-will and the value of good works. Dr. Keller presents a very readable analysis of his writings, and is very successful in depicting his hero as he conceives him—a simple, gentle, resolute apostle of the inner light, rather than of Anabaptism.

Luther's seclusion in the Castle of Coburg (6) is less known than his similar retreat to the Wartburg; it is, however, scarcely less interesting. Sequestered by his Electoral protector in this fortress, he there, from April till October 1530, awaited the issue of the Augsburg Conference, which disappointed the hopes originally entertained of it by the Protestants. Dejected on this ground, and further tried by sickness, Luther still maintained an intrepid spirit, gave continual proof of his constancy to private affections, as well as to his public mission, and at no part of his career appeared more truly the hero. Archdeacon Zitzlaff's memoir is very well written and interesting, and he has judiciously made the utmost possible use of Luther's own letters.

Karl von Amira's work on ancient German law (7) promises to be voluminous, and will no doubt prove an important contribution to the archæology of jurisprudence.

Gustav Cohn (8), a Prussian economist resident in Switzerland, publishes in a collected form a number of essays on practical economics which he has of late years contributed to German and Swiss journals. The most generally interesting are those on Parliamentary Committees of Inquiry in England, on the administration of railroads by the State, of which he is an advocate, and the relief of the poor.

(2) *Vom Atlantischen zum Stillen Ocean*. Von Friedrich Bodenstedt. Leipzig: Brockhaus. London: Nutt.

(3) *Aus England*. Von Ludwig Freiherrn von Ompteda. Berlin: Hofmann. London: Siegle.

(4) *Der Panama-Kanal*. Von H. Zöller. Stuttgart: Spemann. London: Nutt.

(5) *Ein Apostel der Wiedertäufer*. Von Dr. Ludwig Keller. Leipzig: Hirzel. London: Williams & Norgate.

(6) *Luther auf der Koburg: ein Lebens- und Charakterbild nach Luther's eigenen Briefen gezeichnet*. Von Zitzlaff, Archidiaconus in Wittenberg. Wittenberg: Herrod. London: Williams & Norgate.

(7) *Nordgermanisches Obligationenrecht*. Von Karl Amira. Leipzig: Veit & Co. London: Williams & Norgate.

(8) *Volkswirtschaftliche Aufsätze*. Von Gustav Cohn. Stuttgart: Cotta. London: Williams & Norgate.

(1) *Kleine historische Schriften*. Von Alfred von Reumont. Gotha: Perthes. London: Nutt.

Herr Holzer (9) has compiled a useful guide to the comprehensive and intricate tariff of Austria, with an analysis of the commercial treaties and conventions modifying it. Among the articles admitted duty-free we remark corpses and skeletons.

Goldammer's treatise on the Kindergarten (10) is perhaps the fullest extant, and has the additional advantage of being revised by Baroness von Marenholtz-Buelow. If any exception can be taken to its practical utility in this country, it is that of greater fulness and completeness than altogether accord with the popular English idea of school manuals. The fault, if it be one, is decidedly on the right side; and assuredly no teacher or parent in quest of information respecting any department of the Kindergarten system is likely to be disappointed.

An enthusiastic admirer of Schiller (11) is forming a collection of anecdotes, criticisms, and contemporary notices relating to him of such extent as to form three octavo volumes, the first of which is now published. It is no small testimony to Schiller's significance that so few of these documents should appear trivial or unworthy of preservation. The worth and geniality of the man seem to have inspired everybody who approached him; and Herr Kühn's collection, desultory as it is, may be turned over with great pleasure.

It is one of the penalties of greatness that the great man's name after his death becomes the ensign of a party, and, as such, is carried into the thick of controversies and bandied about in a manner little calculated to add to its lustre. Professors Haackel and Du Bois Reymond (12) not being able to agree, and the former having in a recent lecture proclaimed Goethe somewhat too enthusiastically as a precursor of Darwin, the latter naturally retorts with another lecture, minimizing Goethe's scientific pretensions to the utmost, in order that his rival's ignorance and precipitation may be correspondingly apparent to all men. Between the exaggeration of one side and the depreciation of the other, Goethe's fame seems likely to fare ill; but this is the last consideration that affects the minds of the learned and eminent professors.

The last parts of the Encyclopædia of Natural Science (13), conducted by Professor Förster and his colleagues, comprises the continuations of the Dictionaries of Chemistry and Botanical Pharmacology, both of which appear very good and full.

An International Review (14) of military and naval matters, containing contributions from officers of all nations, is, so far as we know, a new idea, and if the promise of the first number is redeemed will prove a valuable one. By much the most interesting contribution to English readers is a letter from a French gentleman, M. Fantou, dated on board the *Félice*, off Alexandria, twelve days after the bombardment. The writer's prejudices and suspicions as to everything that concerns the English must appear to us infinitely ludicrous; but his denunciations of Arabi, his acknowledgment that the French erred in patronizing him, and his revelation of the private opinions of M. de Lesseps are valuable pieces of evidence. The intervention of France was evidently expected as a matter of course when M. Fantou wrote. There are also interesting letters in the present condition of military affairs in France and Russia, and an account of the taking of the Shipka Pass, a specimen of a forthcoming history of the Russo-Turkish war.

The other military nations of Europe should be obliged to Captain de l'Homme de Courbière (15) for presenting them with a digest of the military administration of Germany in peace and war. Every point seems fully detailed, from the official organization to the military hospital. The chapters on transport and the commissariat, the weakest points of the English military system, are particularly interesting.

Professor Caspari (16) has brought together in a neat tract some useful remarks on the relations of his master Lotze to Herbart, Kant, and Hegel.

Eduard von Hartmann's (17) pessimism continually tends to a more mitigated form; and his last work, the "Religion of the Spirit," avowedly aims at uniting optimistic Judaism in the same formula with the ascetic creeds of India. The work is

permeated by a really religious spirit, but the form is dry and technical.

Ludwig Noiré's investigations of the philosophy of Kant (18) have been introduced to English readers under no less distinguished patronage than Professor Max Müller's. They ought, therefore, to have some merit; but to us they seem obscure, not from pregnancy, but from vacancy.

The collected lectures and essays of Karl Bartsch (19) form an interesting body of illustration of the middle ages in their social and poetical aspects. Some discuss individual epics or romances, such as the Nibelungen-Lied, Tristan and Isolde, and Parzival; others take a wider range, treating of such subjects as the sentiment of fidelity in German legend, the mediæval ideal of princeliness as reflected in German poetry, and female life in Italy in the age of Dante. Herr Bartsch is always interesting, and the more remote his subject is from mere antiquarianism the better he seems to succeed with it.

The second volume of Herr Bulthaupt's work on the Classic Drama (20), considered from the point of view of adaptability to representation, treats of Shakspeare. This point of observation has hitherto been too little assumed by critics, though well understood by managers. It liberates the writer at once from a great deal of conventional prepossession, enabling him to speak his mind with a freedom which will astonish mere blind adorers of Shakspeare, while it is in no respect inconsistent with a profound veneration for his greatness. On every point within his own peculiar sphere Herr Bulthaupt's remarks are well worthy of attention. The pieces not usually acted in Germany do not fall within his province; and among these, we are sorry to infer, is *Antony and Cleopatra*.

"Unforgettable Words" (21), which occupies more than half of Paul Heyse's last volume of novelettes, is distinguished by even more than his usual neatness of construction and elegance of diction; but is an unsatisfactory story, inasmuch as it depicts the blight brought upon two lives by a want of good feeling and common sense. All that can be said is that the dénouement of the tale would have seemed commonplace if the hero had been less touchy; and a similar apology may perhaps be made for the last story, "A Divided Heart," where the hero need not have been left hopelessly gazing after his departing bliss if he could but have opened his mouth. "The Luck of Rothenburg" is a variation upon the same idea, with pretty idyllic pictures and a more cheerful ending. "The She-Ass," on the other hand, is more gloomy and tragical than is usual with Heyse.

"E. Werner's" last story, "The Egotist" (22), is as unlike as possible to Mr. George Meredith's similarly entitled masterpiece. It is a pretty story, skilfully compounded of old ingredients, to which, however, piquancy is imparted by the device of giving it a bearing upon the subject of German emigration to America. The conscientious but exacting guardian, with a family secret unknown to himself; the refractory young people, who become mutually interested in their own despite, are personages well known to the theatre, and the tale makes as a whole the impression of a bright, well-constructed comedy. Stage effect, however, is surely carried to an almost ludicrous extent when, at a critical moment, Gustav exclaims half-aside to Frieda, "Frieda! jetzt wecke du das Vatergefühl!"

"Felicitas," by Felix Dahn (23), is the first of a series of short romances designed to illustrate the overthrow of the Western Empire by the barbarians. It is a good story, concise, energetic, and full of incident. The individual members of the contending races are vigorously contrasted, and full of life and colour, but not exempt from a certain conventionality, which nothing, indeed, but remarkable creative genius or an unusually profound insight into the period described could have enabled Herr Dahn to avoid.

Gustav zu Putlitz's pretty story, "Das Maler-Majorle," is concluded in the *Deutsche Rundschau* (24). The remainder of the contents are of a somewhat heavier character than usual. The origin of Universities and the uniformity of statistical phenomena are not very lively, though no doubt they are important subjects, and Professor Nöldeke's essay on Islam is mainly historical, and contains little that is not already familiar. The editor contributes an excellent condensed sketch of Buckle, founded on Herr Katscher's abridgment of Mr. Huth's biography.

Auf der Höhe (25) maintains its character as an international periodical, and a repository of the fiction of the less known literatures. The most remarkable production of this character in the November number is "Behind the Glass Doors," a characteristically minute, but over-elaborated, piece of Dutch painting by

(9) *Praktische Darstellung der österreichischen Zollordnung und Zollmanipulation*. Von F. Holzer. Wien: Gerold's Sohn. London: Williams & Norgate.

(10) *The Kindergarten: a Guide to Froebel's Method of Education*. By H. Goldammer. With Introduction and Conclusion by Baroness B. von Marenholtz-Buelow. Translated from the third German edition by W. Wright. Berlin: Habel. London: Williams & Norgate.

(11) *Schiller: Zerstreutes als Bausteine zu einem Denkmale*. Gesammelt von Adelbert Kühn. Weimar: Kühn. London: Williams & Norgate.

(12) *Goethe und kein Ende: Rede bei Antritt des Rektorats der Königl. Friedrich-Wilhelms-Universität zu Berlin*. Von Emil du Bois-Reymond. Leipzig: Veit & Co. London: Williams & Norgate.

(13) *Encyclopädie der Naturwissenschaften*. Herausgegeben von Prof. Dr. W. Förster. Abth. 2, Lief. 8, 9. Breslau: Trewendt. London: Nutt.

(14) *Internationale Revue über die genannten Armeen und Flotten*. Herausgegeben von F. von Witzleben-Wendelstein. Jahrg. 1, Hft. 1. Berlin: Janke. London: Nutt.

(15) *Grundzüge der deutschen Militärverwaltung*. Herausgegeben von R. de l'Homme de Courbière. Berlin: Mittler. London: Williams & Norgate.

(16) *Hermann Lotze in seiner Stellung zu der durch Kant begründeten neuesten Geschichte der Philosophie*. Von Dr. O. Caspari. Breslau: Trewendt. London: Williams & Norgate.

(17) *Die Religion des Geistes*. Von Eduard von Hartmann. Berlin: Duncker. London: Nutt.

(18) *Die Lehre Kant's und der Ursprung der Vernunft*. Von Ludwig Noiré. Mainz: Diemer. London: Williams & Norgate.

(19) *Gesammelte Vorträge und Aufsätze*. Von Karl Bartsch. Freiburg: Mohr. London: Williams & Norgate.

(20) *Dramaturgie der Classiker*. Von H. Bulthaupt. *Shakspeare*. Oldenburg: Schulze. London: Nutt.

(21) *Unvergessbare Worte, und andere Novellen*. Von Paul Heyse. Berlin: Hertz. London: Williams & Norgate.

(22) *Der Egoist: Roman*. Von E. Werner. Berlin: Spemann. London: Williams & Norgate.

(23) *Felicitas: historischer Roman aus der Völkerwanderung*. Von F. Dahn. Leipzig: Breitkopf & Härtel. London: Williams & Norgate.

(24) *Deutsche Rundschau*. Herausgegeben von Julius Rodenberg. Jahrg. 9, Hft. 3. Berlin: Paetel. London: Trübner & Co.

(25) *Auf der Höhe: internationale Revue*. Herausgegeben von Leopold von Sacher-Masoch. Bd. 5, Hft. 14. Leipzig: Morgenstern. London: Nutt.

Gerard Keller, of Amsterdam. Another interesting contribution is a sketch of the various ideal communities that have been drawn by the fancy of philosophers or poets, from the Republic of Plato to Holberg's subterranean world. A romance of real life, more improbable than most fiction, is conveyed in "Carla Serena's" account of a personage she encountered in her travels—a Frenchwoman, now living at the Court of Persia, who originally went out to teach the Persians to weave garlands of flowers, and who, having obtained the especial favour of the Shah's late mother, enjoys great wealth and influence at his Court.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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sium (attached) avails for Science Lectures, and for Games in all weathers.—For detailed
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IPSWICH GRAMMAR SCHOOL. Founded A.D. 1565.—
The HEAD-MASTERSHIP of this School will be VACANT at Easter next, by the
resignation of the Rev. Dr. H. A. HOLDS, (who has held the office twenty-four years); and
the Governors are desirous of appointing a Head-Master in his place.

The School has been recently reorganized under the Scheme of the Charity Commissioners
for the Administration of the Ipswich Endowed School.

The Head-Master must be a Graduate of some University in the United Kingdom. It is
not necessary that he be in Holy Orders. He will receive a fixed yearly stipend of £150.
He will have the occupation and use of the residence connected with the school, free
of rent, and of tenant's rates and taxes, but he will be liable for such internal
repairs (in respect of the residence) as are usually borne by tenants. He will be entitled to a
capitation payment (calculated on such a scale as may be fixed from time to time by the
Governors) at the rate of not less than £4 nor more than £6 a year for each boy. He will
be allowed to receive boarders, not exceeding 40 in number (the tuition fees in respect of such
boarders being payable to the Governors); the payments to be required from boarders, exclu-
sive of tuition fees, not to exceed the annual rate of £60 for any boy. He will be required to
provide the boarding-house furniture, plant, and fittings, and to pay for the water, lighting,
and fuel, so far as the same are consumed for the purposes of the boarders exclusively. He will
be liable for the internal repairs of such parts of the school premises as are appropriated to the
use of boarders, and for damage caused by boarders.

The premises appropriated to the School are in a healthy situation, near the outskirts of the
town. They consist of the Master's residence, spacious school room, class rooms, dining
hall, Assistant Master's rooms, accommodation for 40 boarders, and a detached Chapel. There
is also a cricket field adjoining containing six acres. The School is capable of providing for
about 200 scholars (including the 40 boarders). The population of Ipswich is about 50,000.

The Master will be required to give personal attention to the duties of the School, and shall
not hold any benefice having the cure of souls, nor undertake any office or employment which,
in the opinion of the Governors, may interfere with the proper performance of his duties as
Head-Master. The appointment will be made and the office will be held in all respects
subject to the provisions of the Scheme (copies of which Scheme can be procured from Mr.
S. H. COWELL, Stationer, Ipswich, at the price of 1s. each). Applications of Candidates and
Testimonials to be forwarded on or before January 9, 1883, to the undersigned,

GEORGE J. NOTCUTT,

Ipswich, December 4, 1882.

Clerk to the Governors.

CITY and COUNTY of NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE.—
ROYAL GRAMMAR SCHOOL.—Appointment of HEAD-MASTER.—The Cor-
poration of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, the governors of this school, are desirous of receiving
applications for the office of Head-Master, which will be vacant at Easter next. The Head-Master
must be a graduate of some University in the United Kingdom. It is not necessary that he be in
holy orders. He will receive a fixed stipend of £200 a year and a capitation payment dependent
upon the number of boys in the school, but not being less than £3 a year on each boy. He will
also have the occupation of the Head-Master's dwelling-house. The present number of boys in
the school is 240. The school is at present capable of providing for about 300 scholars, but this
provision can be extended. The appointment will be made and the office will be held subject
to the provisions of a scheme now in course of preparation by the Charity Commissioners.
Applications of Candidates, with Testimonials endorsed "Head-Mastership of Royal Grammar
School," to be forwarded on or before the 15th day of January, 1883, to the undersigned, from
whom further information can be obtained on application.—HILL MOTUM, Town Clerk.
Town Hall, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, December 12, 1882.

DR. PUSEY MEMORIAL FUND.

SECOND LIST OF SUBSCRIPTIONS paid or promised up to Dec. 5th, 1882.—

Amount advertised on First List. £5,263	2 0	Mr. A. A. Strickland	10 10 0
Rt. Rev. Bishop of Durham	10 0 0	Mr. Malcolm Tester	1 1 0
Rt. Rev. Bishop of Oxford	250 0 0	Rev. R. B. Knatchbull-Hugessen	5 5 0
Rt. Rev. Bishop of Derry and Raphoe	3 0 0	Dr. J. W. Ogle	5 0 0
Rt. Rev. Bishop of Brechin	1 1 0	Rev. W. Bigg Withers	2 2 0
Rt. Rev. Bishop of Argyll and the Isles	5 5 0	Mr. T. Gambier Parry	10 10 0
Rt. Rev. Bishop of Colchester, in five years	25 0 0	Rev. Canon Churton, 1st sub.	5 5 0
Rt. Rev. Bishop Short	20 0 0	Rev. H. S. K. Bellairs	1 1 0
Rt. Rev. Bishop Abraham	5 5 0	Rev. W. Barker Drawbridge	1 1 0
Rt. Rev. Bishop Hobhouse, in two years	10 10 0	Rev. Canon Luckock	10 10 0
Rt. Rev. Bishop Teaser	5 5 0	Rev. Dr. Mauney	10 10 0
Very Rev. Dean of Durham	50 0 0	Rev. Dr. Sanderson, in two years	10 10 0
Very Rev. Dean of York	5 5 0	Mr. James F. Cobb	10 10 0
Very Rev. Dean of Rochester	30 0 0	Hon. P. C. Glynn	10 10 0
The Lord Chancellor	100 0 0	Rev. H. J. de Salis	10 10 0
Rt. Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P.	100 0 0	Miss Tower	5 5 0
Venerable James Randall (the late)	5 5 0	Miss H. Tower	5 5 0
Venerable Archdeacon Palmer	10 10 0	Mr. Herbert Barnard	5 5 0
Venerable Sir George Prevost, Bart.	50 0 0	Rev. G. R. Portal	5 5 0
Venerable Archdeacon Sir Lovelace Stamer, Bart.	5 5 0	Rev. G. Cosby White, in five years	50 0 0
Venerable Archdeacon Burney	30 0 0	Rev. C. Bristow Knox	1 1 0
Rev. Canon Hendley	10 10 0	Rev. A. G. Livingstone, in five years	12 10 0
Rev. Canon Ince	10 10 0	Mrs. A. G. Livingstone, in two years	12 10 0
Rev. Provost of Worcester Coll., Oxon, in five years	100 0 0	Rev. W. Smith	2 2 0
Rev. George Lowthwaite	50 0 0	Hon. Mrs. R. Bruce	2 2 0
Mr. Henry Wagner, 2nd sub.	5 5 0	Rev. J. J. Pousonby	10 10 0
Rev. T. T. Caplan	5 5 0	Mrs. Wyndham Baring	5 5 0
Rev. Canon Gregory	25 0 0	Rev. L. Allison	2 2 0
Major Basil Boothby, in five years	10 10 0	Mr. Wm. Bagster	10 10 0
Rev. Dr. Baker, in five years	5 5 0	Hon. Wilbraham Egerton, M.P.	10 10 0
Rev. C. E. Brooks, in five years	50 0 0	Mr. P. A. Lefevre	2 2 0
Mrs. Annie Reed	5 5 0	Rev. Walter H. Silver	20 0 0
Sir T. Dick Land, Bart., in five years	20 0 0	Mr. Richard Foster	100 0 0
Mr. R. Denny Ullin	2 2 0	Col. Bagall	25 0 0
Mr. R. Denny Ullin	25 0 0	Rev. W. J. E. Bennett	5 5 0
Mr. R. Douglas Horsfall	5 5 0	Viscount Templeton, G.C.B.	15 0 0
Rev. C. W. Furse	5 5 0	Sir Wm. Worsley, Bart.	100 0 0
Rev. G. C. Berkeley, in three years	3 3 0	Rt. Hon. Sir Robert Phillimore, Bart.	50 0 0
Rev. Edward Eyre	5 5 0	Mr. James E. Lister Empson	25 0 0
Rev. R. J. Wilson	30 0 0	Rev. H. P. West	5 5 0
Rev. Alfred Wigan	10 10 0	Miss G. West	5 5 0
Rev. W. F. Hobson, 1st sub.	1 1 0	G. S. in five years	50 0 0
Rev. P. Reginald Egerton, in five years	200 0 0	Mr. Robert Stuart, in five years	50 0 0
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Mrs. Edmund Hobhouse	5 5 0	Rev. Canon John Allen	10 10 0
Rev. A. Cecil Johnson	2 2 0	Mr. John Allen	2 2 0
Miss O. F. Tyrrell Drake	10 10 0	Rev. Canon Allen	2 2 0
Mr. A. Harford Pearson, 1st sub.	21 0 0	Rev. Hon. Robert Liddell	25 0 0
Rev. F. H. Murray	100 0 0	Col. Haygarth	10 10 0
Rev. R. S. Hunt	30 0 0	Rev. H. R. Bramley	50 0 0
Rev. H. M. Fletcher	5 5 0	Rev. John H. West	10 10 0
Rev. E. Field, in two years	10 10 0	Mrs. Henry Oxley	5 5 0
Rev. G. J. Palmer	10 10 0	Mr. J. S. Scott Chad	25 0 0
Rev. E. Leaton-Blenkin	5 5 0	Rev. Canon Rawlinson, in five years	5 5 0
Rev. Hon. B. Adderley	1 1 0	Rev. Foster Aherne	25 0 0
Rev. C. C. Adams	5 5 0	Dr. Wickham Legg	25 0 0
Rev. D. C. O. Adams	5 5 0	Rev. Hon. H. Douglas	5 5 0
Miss Mary Smith	1 1 0	Rev. Dr. Wood, in five years	5 5 0
Col. Melville, C.B., in five years	10 10 0	Rev. W. H. L. Busby	1 1 0
Rev. S. Arnold	1 1 0	Mr. R. Hesketh Jones	2 2 0
Mr. H. G. Cheshire	1 1 0	Rev. W. J. and Mrs. Freere, in five years	5 5 0
Rev. Canon Burrows	5 5 0	Miss Williamina M. Martin	5 5 0
Miss Eilman	2 2 0	Mr. R. Zwilchenbart	25 0 0
Rev. R. Milburn Blakiston	2 2 0	Mr. J. Harvey Simpson	1 1 0
Miss Steel	2 2 0	Rev. John C. Weaver, in five years	5 5 0
Rev. Francis Paget, in five years	100 0 0	Rev. Ernest W. and Mrs. Field	1 1 0
Mr. A. Bertram Cooke, 1st sub.	250 0 0	Miss Keeling	1 1 0
Sir Olney Wakeman, Bart.	2 2 0	V. R. N. Soudy	1 1 0
Rev. Cecil Deedes, 1st sub.	2 2 0	Mr. G. N. Mackay	5 5 0
Rt. Hon. J. G. Hobland, M.P.	100 0 0	Rev. Robert Helms	100 0 0
Rev. Sidney Phillips	1 1 0	Rev. C. L. Wood, in five years	50 0 0
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Rev. J. M. Drey	10 10 0	Rev. W. M. Croome	2 2 0
Rev. G. H. Wilkinson	10 10 0	Rev. Canon C. Gray	100 0 0
Mr. F. H. Beaumont	5 5 0	Mr. W. W. Knight, in five years	100 0 0
Rev. W. Law	5 5 0	Rev. H. M. Villiers	2 2 0
Rev. T. A. Lacey, in five years	10 10 0	Mr. A. Neubauer	2 2 0
Rev. G. D. W. Ommannney	5 5 0	Rev. W. W. Woolcombe	2 2 0
Mr. John Liddon	25 0 0	Rev. G. F. Faussett	2 2 0
Rev. A. D. Wagner, in four years	100 0 0	Mrs. Faussett	2 2 0
L.-Col. Olphadston Milford	5 5 0	Mr. C. T. Campion	1 1 0
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Rev. J. Wyde	10 10 0	Mr. Edward Brudell, in five years	21 0 0
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Rev. J. Healy	3 3 0	Mrs. Charles Tremmbeere	5 5 0
Rev. H. Deane	100 0 0	Miss M. A. Tremmbeere	11 0 0
Miss Fanny Bonville	5 5 0	A Brother and Sister	1 1 0
Miss F. A. Hoare	5 5 0	Rev. J. A. Bruce	1 1 0
Dr. Asland	25 0 0	Anon. and E. M.	5 5 0
Rev. Edgar Hawkins	5 5 0	Miss Caroline L. V. yall	5 5 0
Mr. G. L. Watson	5 5 0	Lord Blechford	50 0 0
Miss M. C. Keene	10 10 0	Mr. Henry Barnett	10 10 0
Sir Walter James, Bart.	50 0 0	Rev. F. Palmer	5 5 0
Mr. G. W. Hawkes	5 5 0	Mr. Edward Cheere	1 1 0
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Rev. W. Lock	10 10 0		
Mr. Wyndham Payne	5 5 0		
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N.B.—In First List Rev. H. A. Pickard—£5 in five years read £25 in five years.

SUBSCRIPTIONS may be paid at Messrs. Hoare's, 37 Fleet Street, E.C., or the Old Bank, Oxford; or will be received and acknowledged by W. G. F. Phillimore, 96 Eaton Place, S.W., Hon. Treasurer; or J. W. B. Riddell, 65 Belgrave Road, S.W., Hon. Sec. Collecting cards are issued on application.

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